NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS:
Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Eastport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

Many capital ideas—with faulty versification—but a whole betraying the ore of genuine and exalted poetry. N.

[Barry Cornwall, in his Introduction to the Poems of Willis, makes this remark—'Shakspeare will, probably, remain forever without an equal.']

BY MCDONALD CLARKE.

Who, but the Almighty Mind, thus madly,
Shall mark the bounds of Thought;
And say its step shall *here* be stay'd—
Here the Soul shrink back, dismayed;
As Earth's light, weakens into shade,
From the world of darkness, caught.

Is there a fetter for the Soul,
His touch may not unplace,
That it may spring beyond the whole
Of what *has been* in Man's control,
Reach Intellect's untrodden Pole,
And Unknown Power, face.

Forward!—is the Spirit's word—
And while there's fire in clay,
And life in feeling, 'twill be heard—
The hearts, of unborn centuries, stirr'd,
Till—like the Noon's majestic Bird,
That Spirit soar away.

My chainless Country—shall it be said,
—A thousand years to come—
Thou'st not upreared thy daring head
Above the names of the Noblest Dead—
Startled Eternity with thy tread—
Hark—is Ambition dumb?

No—there's an hour now blazing on,
—Fame feels even now its smiles—
When the glories of the days agone,
Shall fade before some names unborn,
Greater than all that yet adorn
The brightest of the British Isles.

Ay—even beyond their boasted Will,
—The Regent of two hundred years—
Who rules with an imperial will—
Whose spells, like Love, Life's memory fill—
Who can, with the wand of Nature, thrill
All hearts, to smiles, or tears.

What are two centuries of space,*
To the unfill'd scenes of Time—
Beauty shall see a purer Race,
Of finer mind, and fairer grace,
Rivalling Europe, in the race
Of the august, and sublime.

America!—wherefore wast thou framed
In a Giant's granite mould!
But to have thy noble nature aim'd
To what feebler nations never claim'd—
And shall Genius tremble, and be tamed
By the Thunderers of old.

No—God had never shaped thy form
To a profile of Eternal Power—
—Fill'd thy veins with rivers, like the storm,
—When lightnings keep the midnight warm—
To tease thee, with an insect swarm
Of minds, amid thy Summer hour.

When *gilded* wealth shall lose its glare,
And lovelier riches win thy gaze,
Thou'lt spread thy swelling bosom bare—
Call thine eagles from the barren air—
One Bird, with Avon's may compare,
Amid thy mind's meridian blaze.

Shall Imagination's bright, broad wing
Narrow, on Freedom's native shore—
Where thunder-clouds now cradle Spring—
Where storms, their heaviest anthems sing—
Where Niagara, makes the memory ring
With the whisper of its roar.

No—by the ever upward fire,
That burns in shapes of clay,
But Freedom's clime, may well aspire,
To sound, through time, as strong a Lyre
As He, who his Age, could blind and tire,
As he dash'd on his dazzling way.

When Fame wept *His* early doom,
Truth glanced to the clouded *West*—
There Glory, shall fill the Throne of Gloom—
There Freedom, ripen to fullest bloom—
There the Arts—when Europe is a tomb—
Find their triumphant rest.

*200 years since Shakespeare's death.

The author of the following had a narrow escape; we threw his communication into the fire—by mistake!—and have just burnt our fingers pulling it out. If we had failed at last—and our patience will be gone we fear—he'd have wanted for it we warrant you! N.

LITERARY SPECULATIONS, MAYHAP REALITIES.

NAY! nay! Reader of Newspapers, fancy not thou art to be disgusted with those speculations, for Penning Gray loveth not to bore any man, with his accumulated knowledge, nor any child, not even a cow.

'A noticeable man with large, gray eyes,'

as to be is designated by Wordsworth, yet more easily recognised by the profound title of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, once performed a journey 'Over the Bocellia.' Think of that! Place before you a majestic man, noticeable withal, and of a spiritual outwardness. Slowly and with difficulty doth he ascend mountain crags, and anon, now plunges into green depths, here gently wends his way through some quiet, pastoral dell, there by the rushing, roaring torrent meditates on the UNFATHOMABLE. Now is all still, all gentleness, presently confusion and vexatious hurry, but in the midst standing upon the soft, green moss is a man—Coleridge.

Mountains and crags! valleys and streams! I wonder there sounded not up into heaven a deep voice, as 'the old man eloquent' trod among you! As he passed along by the peeping wild-flower, or the mountain spring, I wonder no little anthem came up, pure and voluntary, but man is made to wonder and to mourn, in spite of the bright, living things in the dim solitude. I, fellow-mortal, am a melancholy man, or I had not been speculating newspaper-wise to your great amazement. Sage, old Burton writ his rare book, with a good intent, but he does not in any measure purge us of our melancholies,—Milton, blind schoolmaster as he was, may sing of 'divinest melancholy,' in a flowing measure, yet nothing shall it avail us. Are not these 'Literary Speculations' made by a sorrowful mortal?

But Coleridge has left us a record of this pilgrimage 'Over the Bocellia,' written indeed in imperishable letters. Now whether I extract anything from the record is uncertain. Most speculators are men of wandering habits, not time-fixed. They weave queer webs, half sunshine, half shade,

'Now in glimmer, and now in gloom.
Christabel.

I must copy the conclusion of this best journey. Coleridge came back from the forest wilds to the inn. There, on the greensward, the maypole was erected, hung with appropriate garlands at the top, in which spoons and other little valuables were placed. The pole is well greased, and he who can get to the top, grabs what he can. Now they began to dance. There were reels and the walzer (so they call it). The merry rustics cut unmentionable figures. A fellow with huge whiskers, a long tail, and a woollen night-cap, who doubtless, though Coleridge does not say so, resembled a monkey to all intents and purposes, was the exquisite of the party. How he must have looked, kicking his shins about, tail flying, woollen night-cap bobbing, huge whiskers tumbling about his ears,—all in all, Swiss-comical-fantastical. One fellow had the '*true German phlegm*,' to puff away at a horn pipe, all through a tender dance, with a sweet, ripe girl of seventeen, 'with a full-blown rose in the white ribbon that went round her head.' But now comes the conclusion, which shall be given in the words of the spectator, or speculator himself:—

'But what most pleased me, was a little girl of about three or four years old, certainly not more than four, who had been put to watch a little babe, of not more than a year old (for one of our party had asked), and who was just beginning to run away,—the girl teaching him to walk, was so animated by the music, that she began to waltz with him, and the two babes whirled round and round, hugging and kissing each other, as if the music had made them mad.' Ah! dear Editor, dear Reader, was ever such incomparable mirth. In the sweetest of all plays, on which I may one day speculate, Jacques laughed at the fool

'—sans intermission
An hour by his dial,'

but verily at the spinning round of these two little humanities, I can never cease laughing, though like Jacques, I do affect melancholy.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

WE are exceedingly apt to take offence, if our claims to the distinction of a musical people are disputed.

Upon this topic much might be said, but as we have neither time nor inclination for a formal disquisition, we may hereafter, from time to time, state our opinions concerning it. At present it must suffice to observe, that our chief design is, to excite a taste for a more particular inquiry into the principles of the art, and to induce professors to make the result of these researches public, for mutual instruction and advantage.

Dr Burney remarks that 'music has been more advanced by the unlearned, than by the labors of philosophers and mathematicians;' and should any one doubt this assertion, he must still admit, that the greatest benefit may be expected to be derived from an interchange of ideas between those who with genius and enthusiasm for their art, are in the daily study and practice of it.

A frank exposition of the doubts, the difficulties, and even of the disappointments of such men, will be of incalculable advantage to those who follow them; the humblest musician should not be deterred from bearing a part, since by some happy circumstance, he may occasionally contribute as much to the general improvement, as the most enlightened and distinguished. I have only to entreat the professional gentlemen to consider, as well as to remember that I am only a Trumpeter, and although an insignificant personage, am often instrumental in summoning the greatest heroes to the field.

The cultivation of music may be said to be universal, and the access of all classes to public places, where the finest performers in all departments of the science are to be heard, is not less extended. It follows that knowledge is propagated much more widely than formerly; and even where real science is wanting to the mass, individuals direct the mass. Hence no amateur singer or player can escape a comparison with the highest professional eminence, for if estimated at all, they are measured against the professional standard. Out of this it happens, that they who purpose to make anything approaching to a public exhibition of talent, must use nearly the same diligence and consume nearly the same time as professors. Those parents who look forward to their highest hope, must, it is obvious be content to devote the hours of their children to application nothing short of the intensity of professional study; and even if they do purpose such a concentration of attention, and such an employment of time, they must compute upon an expense of many hundreds of dollars. No practice short of four hours daily, continued during some years, will give a piano forte player, any superior title to be heard, as the art is now cultivated and understood. Somewhat less of time is necessary to the attainment of singing, but rarer qualities must be presupposed. Not one child in a thousand, can, after a long process, be made into a singer worth hearing.

If the attainment of so desirable an object, be the limitation placed upon the desires of a parent, much will depend upon the point of judgment and acquaintance with music which the parties have reached. It is to the uninformed only, that music can be usefully directed, because the facility which one of the tests of fine performances, is liable to lead to the supposition, that what is executed with so much ease cannot be hard to learn. If real superiority be rare, there is an almost universal glitter that passes for solidity, which is sufficiently imposing to daunt timidity, and sufficiently advanced to render a portion both of time and expense, necessary to arrive at such a stage. Where, therefore, the design is not to carry the art to a high degree of polish, I can only recommend a careful choice of one particular species of musical study. It is very difficult to separate the several kinds of excellence required from a performer on the piano forte, but I am still of opinion, that a degree of neatness and precision sufficient to satisfy ears not hypercritical, may with no immoderate sacrifice be gained.

I come now to that sterling good to be derived from musical education, which as it is above all praise, 'is the concomitant of a genuine love of the art alone.' This chiefest attribute belongs not to music only, but ought to be the first consideration in every part of a well regulated plan for the formation of youthful habits. The most valuable end of education, is that dependence upon ourselves, and that independence of others, which a consciousness of our power to occupy time worthily, bestows. Occupation of this sort is more, far more necessary to females than to men. Business either public or private, engages the hours of the latter. But in proportion as the time of the former is disengaged, are they likely to fall victims to frivolity or ennui, or to a still worse fate.

If I differ in opinion from many good judges upon musical education, it is because, the system of instruction now in general use, point out to no end than that they [illegible] the means.

Musical Education partakes too much of the nature of a panacea, or universal medicine for the cure of all diseases. I have endeavored to show to what degrees amateurs aspire, and to mark the bounds of each. I have dilated the subject to set parents thinking—for the substance of all that has been written, may be condensed into a very narrow compass, although the consequences may have a very momentous influence in after life. Those who direct education should well consider the object they have in view—should determine upon the acquisitions of the pupil—should follow as well as lead natural aptitude, and should preclude disappointment by a just understanding of probability and possibility, and last, not least, of utility. ooo

(To be continued.)

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

TO MISS E. W.

'Tis but a sketch of what thou art,—
As young and innocent in heart;
And oh! that brow, so smooth and fair,—
A beam of glory lingers there.
It holds a watch against its ear,
And lists, enraptured, thus to hear
The step of Time, as onward he
Glides swiftly to eternity.
Alas! it knows not that each tone
Denotes another moment flown;
Nor feels it that the tread of time
Can crush the rosebud in its prime;
It heeds not this—the lovely child
Has seen the grave, and only smiled.

Fair girl! look on the dial's face,
And see the warning hand move on
With slow but firm, resistless pace,—
'Till weeks, and months, and years are gone.

Ah! then remember age may change
The rosy cheek, the sunny brow,
And from thy heart those friends estrange,
That only love thy beauty now.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

PETER THE HUNCHBACK:

A TALE,

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

STAND back! stand back! I will fell the first man that advances, to my feet!'

'What right have you to intrude? You had better be off!'

'Ay! ay!—or you may chance to get the punishment intended for him!'

'We will have our revenge—so begone!'

'Stand back, I say! Now look ye!—I care no more for your threats than does the earth on which I tread. Scowl and swear as ye may, ye cannot scare me. I move not from this spot, until the poor wretch beneath me, is safe from your fiendish rage. Careful sir! careful! I am not in jest! I am but one among you all; but I will teach you what one can do! Back! back!—ye fiends! ye devils! ye murderers!'

'You know nothing of the quarrel. He has injured us!'

'Yes! he is an evil one! He has brought murrain on the cattle!'

'Ay, and scares away the fish from my nets!'

'My wife lies on a sick bed through him!'

'And my corn is all mildewed. Revenge!'

And many voices in deep tones cried, 'Revenge!—revenge!'

There was a crowd of swarthy men, with clenched hands and angry faces. In their centre stood the youth who dared to defy their united strength. Strange courage must have inspired him, for they were toil-hardened and sinewy men—and as bold and reckless as lives of danger could make them. You could see in their midst the fierce countenance of old Simon Mears the fisherman and smuggler—who had been in many a scene of guilt. And Donald Wears, whom all hated. The rage of these alone, unaided by a host of friends, had been sufficient to strike the heart with terror.

As they became wrought up to desperation by the rehearsal of their supposed wrongs, they muttered deeper and deeper oaths, and pressed closer and closer on the youth they surrounded, menacing him with gestures of mad defiance. Yet no one assailed him: for there is a a grandeur in self-abandonment and desperate courage, especially when it is exercised in in a good cause, which awes the most hardened and unpitying. The youth, undaunted, stood firm and immovable—glancing his eye with lightning quickness about him, ready to repel the first sign of assault.

His head was bare and the light breeze lifted the slight curls on his forehead, while the mingled anger and indignation that filled his breast lit up his dark blue eye with double fire, and imparted a noble energy to his full commanding features. Though but of middling stature, his situation made him appear of superior height to those around him—so glowing was he with pride and scorn and dignity. As he bent his head from side to side, the muscles stood forth from his neck, in all the roundness and beauty of sculpture; and as he held his hands clenched before his breast, though the whiteness of his skin betrayed him to be of higher rank than those about him, yet the brawny laborers whom he set at defiance might well fear to defy his threats.

At length, Simon Mears, with a mingled expression of ferocity and contempt for the stripling, advanced with an oath and stood before him. There was then a breathless silence—for all knew the strength and courage of the smuggler, and how deadly was his revenge.

'Boy, said he, get away! Let me have the fellow beneath you, or your fate may be worse than his. Come—away!'

As he spoke, he raised his hand; but it had hardly left his side ere he lay senseless upon the earth, while the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. The blow seemed given by magic—for there stood the youth in the same position as before, and as calm and still—save that his breathing might now be heard, and his lip curled with his triumph. The crowd fell back in mute admiration, for who would venture the contest when Simon Mears the stalwart fisherman, whose nerves were like hammered iron—and who had borne the palm of strength for forty years, was vanquished!

For a time the living picture remained without a change—for the youth did not move or speak—Simon lay senseless upon the ground, and his fellows were long in recovering from their stupid wonder. At length a light carriage, with beautiful horses, driven by a servant in the livery of the young lord Robersay, halted by the group, and then first the young man spoke—

'Wait a moment, James, until I have chastised a few more of the rascals, and I'll be with you.'

'Shan't I help you, my lord?' cried the astonished servant.

This announcement of the youth's rank operated like a talisman on the crowd. One by one they slowly retired, two assisting the disabled Simon—and in a few moments were moving in a body down the road. Then for the first time, could the cause of the difficulty be observed. The young man raised from the ground, with the assistance of his servant, a deformed, senseless creature, whose appearance would have struck one with horror. His coat hung in rags from his humped back, and his long hair was matted with blood and dust. Above his low forehead there was a deep gash, and his face was scratched and defiled with dust and gore, as if he had been furiously dragged along the earth. His figure was diminutive and ungainly, while his huge and irregular features bore on them so repulsive an expression that pity almost shrunk from affording him her aid.

'Who can this be,' said the servant to his master.

'By heaven, I know not. But whoever he is, he may thank me for his life, preserved too, at the hazard of my own. But come—let us take him to the lake and wash his wounds. 'Tis no time to talk now; see, the fellow is in a bad condition. I know not but that he is dead. It made my blood boil to see twenty or thirty villains all upon him at once. What a ghastly look he has! Poor fellow! tis a wonder if he lives!'

The two carried him gently down the descent to the borders of the Lake, and there laved his wounds. The coolness of the water revived him, for he soon languidly opened his eyes, and by moans expressed the severity of his pain. At last he spoke.

'Where am I? Who are you?'

'Friends—friends—good fellow,' answered his preserver, 'so remain easy and you will be well attended. Is your home near us?'

The question seemed to awake the unfortunate creature to full consciousness. He started from his reclining position, and waved wildly with his hand.

'No matter—no matter,' said he in a faint yet harsh voice, 'I can get home—now leave me! leave me!—I thank you—I thank you—but leave me!'

'Oh no—oh no—not so; my work were but badly performed, did I abandon you to die upon the sand. Come, let us help you. We'll find a home for you. Fear nothing—we are friends.'

For a time the Hunchback remained passive in their hands; while they carefully assisted him towards the carriage. He groaned indeed, but he made no attempt to resist until they were actually lifting him into the vehicle.

'No—no'—exclaimed he struggling, while his efforts to free himself started the blood afresh in his wounds—'I will not go! Release me! You'll not help a man against his will—I will not go in!'

'By my faith,' cried the astonished lord, obeying the wishes of the deformed, and withdrawing his hold, 'this is the strangest fellow I have ever had the fortune to meet.—I am constrained to believe that I have offended him by saving his life. I 'faith, a small slice of gratitude is comforting, especially if one has risked his life to preserve another. Let him alone, James, let him alone. The man is the best judge of his own desires. Do as he wishes.'

James, who had supported the wounded man while his master had been speaking, retired a short distance at his bidding, and left the Hunchback to himself. The poor creature, too weak to stand without assistance, grasped the wheel with one hand, while with the other he wiped away the blood that trickled from his forehead and filled his eyes. Then muttering, and at times groaning with pain, he looked languidly on those whose aid he had rejected, as though he feared their presence. At last his tones grew louder and his words became distinguishable.

'The villanous, superstitious knaves—I never troubled them. Heaven heap plagues on them for this! Oh what pain was there! And these helping fools—they will not leave me. Blood—blood on my face and in my eyes—and this dreadful smarting—it will drive me mad! Curse the tender-hearted rascals—will they never go! Oh! there's another racking pain—there, another! another! I shall faint with this sinking weakness, and then they will discover me! Oh, no—no. Have I papers!—names! Not any there—nor there! No, thank God, no papers! So, softly—I'll go home—I'll go home—softly—softly!'

Thus saying, he turned from the carriage, and walked with evident agony a short distance. But every step was weaker than the last; and soon he stumbled upon his knee—while his head sunk upon his breast. The young lord hastened to his side and raised him up.

'As I expected—as I expected'—continued he in a low voice to himself, 'they will come—well, let them—let them—they'll fare the worse for't—they'll fare—the—the—curses !curses!

Lord Robersay was now absorbed in interest in this unfortunate yet repulsive being, and determined not to leave him. He therefore gave directions to James to drive the carriage to Robersay House, three miles distant, and he would follow at his leisure. He was soon, therefore alone with the deformed.

Our scene is laid on the eastern coast of England, but a few miles from the Scottish border, towards the close of the last century. Robersay House was about five miles from the sea coast, embosomed in the noble trees of its extensive park. It stood on the summit of a gentle ascent, and from its venerable tower, for part of it had once been an abbey, the eye commanded a broad and delightful view. Inward, the level country was diversified as far as the eye could reach with beautiful villages and cultivated fields. Some miles to the north, nearer the sea, was the town of H—, whose tall spire and castle roof overtopped the intervening woods. Between the House and the rocky and barren shore, lay a dense forest, and over it the crested waves of the North sea could be seen revelling in their untamed sport. A few miles directly south, was a calm blue lake, whose waters reflected the sun's rays as he rose and set, and whose sandy shores shelved gently to its edge without an interruption. Between this lake and the ocean, almost on the very shore, was the village of L— inhabited by fishermen. The main road to H. which crossed the domains of Robersay between the park and the forest, passed close by the edge of the beautiful lake.

There was much company at the house, and when the gay throng separated in the morning to seek such amusements as taste or caprice dictated, the young lord Charles Robersay, went upon the lake to fish, directing James, his valet, to come for him in the afternoon.

Satiated, however, with enjoyment before his servant came, he had returned to the shore, moored his boat, and started to walk to the house, when loud cries and oaths from the cross road to Z—— arrested his attention. The sounds proceeded from the fishermen to whom I have introduced the reader, who were dragging upon the ground the poor Hunchback, while kicks and blows were showered on his unresisting frame. Sense was fast failing, yet the murderous wretches continued their deadly injuries. The blood boiled in Charles's veins at this sight, and without a thought of self he dashed into the throng. Thus stood matters at the commencement of our tale.

We left Charles and the Hunchback alone. Charles inwardly resolved, whatever might be the result not to leave his companion until his curiosity with regard to him should be satiated. Who was he and whence?—and why had he become an object of hatred to the reckless fishermen? He would solve the riddle come what would.

'Well friend,' said he, 'though you seem desirous to get rid of me, yet it would be death to you should I leave you. You can never of yourself reach your home. Suffer me then to aid you. Come—let me bind my handkerchief about your wounds and raise you up.

The Hunchback now quietly submitted to the good intentions of Lord Robersay. He permitted himself to be lifted from his recumbent position, and the two went slowly forward. For a time no word was spoken. The deformed was evidently much bruised and very weak yet, although his companion expected momentarily that his strength would fail him, he still dragged his steps along.—Lord Robersay could not see his face; for, apparently, unable to keep his head upright, he did not raise it from his breast. When, however, they came near the border of the forest, he looked up, and muttered between his teeth, and soon drawing his preserver to the side of the road, stopped as if unwilling to proceed further.

'Rest awhile on this soft grass,' said Lord Robersay, 'and then perhaps the walk will be less painful.'

'No—no—answered the Hunchback in his low, harsh voice; 'no further—no further—leave me here.'

'Here? why this were worse than before. I must accompany you to the castle.'

'Castle! I'll not go! leave me! leave me!'

'I cannot sir. My duty forbids it.'

'Duty!—duty!' muttered the injured wretch—''tis an excuse to follow me, and ferret me out!' Then!' with a ghastly smile he added, 'he shall die first!'

'Had we not better go on?' asked his companion.

The deformed looked up in his face, and with as malicious a scowl as his feeble muscles could frame, said, 'cannot a man die if he pleases? I ask you to leave me alone!'

'I shall not, sir,' was the resolute answer.

The Hunchback groaned at these words, and sunk back almost at his length upon the grass. But in a short time he reached forth his arm for assistance, and Lord Robersay lifted him up.

'As well—as well,' said he—'thank you—thank you,—we cross the style here—my home is this way,'—and in a lower tone he added to himself, 'he may go to the blasted oak and then, curse him he must leave me!'

Lord Robersay having with difficulty raised the wounded man over the stile, they entered the wide forest by a narrow path, apparently but lately made, for the branches yet hung low across it, and the dried leaves scarce bore the impress of passing footsteps. Putting aside the limbs that interrupted their progress, and at times threading his way with difficulty from the obstructions in his path, the youth proceeded in silence for a considerable distance. He then tried to engage his companion in conversation—inquiring concerning his sad adventure of the afternoon;—but indistinct murmurs, interspersed with faint oaths were the only answer the Hunchback vouchsafed him. Perplexed with doubts as the character of the man he had aided, and indignant at his want of gratitude, Lord R. at last ceased questioning him and relapsed into silence. They passed thus slowly over several miles. The Hunchback evidently as they went on, drooped, and Lord R. became at last much fatigued with supporting him. Yet, although he besought the wounded man for both their sakes to pause awhile, he still persevered in wending his way along. They came at last after fording a gurgling brook, to a large blasted oak, whose shaggy and splintered trunk was blackened by the withering lightning. The Hunchback here paused—unable to stand by his own strength, he half reclined in his companion's arms, while he again indulged in the confused muttering which has already been described to the reader. He then asked hastily for water, and Lord R. carried him to the brook, laid him down by its side and bathed his forehead. This revived him, and he stood up of himself; and waved his hand to his preserver to depart.

'We part here,' said he, 'go, go—I tell you again—I thank you—but I want no more of you—go.'

This language from one whose life he had preserved, roused all the slumbering indignation in Lord R.'s breast. Yet he felt that the Hunchback had some secret which he feared to reveal, and he therefore stifled his anger. But he knew that to desert him was to resign him to death, and determined therefor to remain with him.

'I cannot go,' he answered; you would die if left alone. I must assist you.'

'Well,' answered the deformed, 'suppose I wish to die—am I to be forced to live? Die or not sir, I will be alone!'

'Nay, nay, my friend,' rejoined Lord R.—'consider your situation—you are wounded—weak. It is full time that you had surgical aid. Cease then this language and let us hasten on.'

The face of the Hunchback assumed a dreadful expression of malice as he asked, 'Will you go and leave me!'

'No, I cannot. I pray you cease to speak thus. Let us along.'

Thus saying, Lord R. approached him to give him support: but when he came near, the wretch lifted his hand and struck him in the face. It was a weak, harmless blow—but it betrayed the callous heart of him who gave it—and Lord R. burned with indignation—but the miserable creature was more deserving of contempt than honest anger.

'Fool!' said Lord R. 'what mean you! Would you die? By heaven, you deserve the fate you covet—to be deserted in this lonely spot! What mean you!'

The Hunchback did not answer. Rage endued his failing limbs with new vigor, and shuffling toward his companion with a hideous grin on his face, rendered doubly horrible by the spots of blood on his ragged clothes and flesh, and the handkerchief that bound his brow, he sprang forward with outstretched arms to clutch his preserver's throat. But the exertion wasted his remaining strength, and he fell senseless on his face. Loathing him as he could not but do, yet Lord R. rejoiced at the action, for he could now carry him without resistance. He lifted him, therefore, and pursued the scarcely distinguishable path until fatigue compelled him to relinquish his burthen, which yet showed no signs of life. Alarmed lest this swoon might be fatal, and doubtful whether the deformed had not directed him into the forest to lead him astray, he ran hastily along the path, knowing that this was his only chance for aid.

Gradually the pathway disappeared: and he became doubtful whether he were not wandering at random: but with determined energy he still went forward, preserving as nearly as possible, the direction in which he had started. After he had proceeded thus for a considerable distance, and his frame had become enfeebled by fatigue, he observed that the scenery about him assumed a new aspect. He was evidently leaving the forest. The trees grew at considerable distances from each other,—the dark earth of the thick forest changed to a light, sandy soil, and large rocks in grotesque shapes were scattered about. He thought that the appearance of nature was familiar to him:—he had not been in the forest for several years, but all around him brought back bygone days, and he felt assured that he must be in the vicinity of the ocean, near an ancient strong-hold which had been the scene of his youthful sports. His doubts were soon resolved. A hoarse murmur broke gradually on his ear—and having ascended a gentler inclination, he saw on a bald rock before him the ruins of the 'Border Tower'—and through the broken cliffs appeared the broad dashing waves of the North Sea.

The spot was most beautiful. The ground sloped from his feet down to a green shady valley, bounded on the North and East by the huge cliffs through whose interstices glittered the rolling waters. The Tower rose in naked majesty immediately before him like the guardian genius of the place, and at the foot of the perpendicular and moss-covered rock on which it stood, was a rude hut from whose turf chimney the blue smoke curled slowly toward heaven, as if it loved the scene and was sad to leave it. Trees grew in the little valley and their deep foliage contrasted richly with the wild sterility around. Charles gazed in rapture around him: now fixing his eye on the distance—now with a feeling of awe on the crumbling relic of other days. But his attention was soon directed to a brighter, fairer object—that made him hold his breath in very amazement—on a bank not far from the spot on which he stood, half hidden by an intervening rock on which her arm was hung, was a white robed maiden!

Here was the wildness of romance! He forgot the Hunchback—forgot his fatigue—and became wrapt in the absorbing illusionary enchantment of the scene. The maiden's face was half hidden by her hand, so that he could not catch its expression—but well he noted the flashing of her eye as she looked out upon the waters—so absorbed had she been in her own feeling, that she had not heard his step—and he stood without motion or scarcely breath, that he might not break her reverie. For long did she sit thus in calm stillness: then, clasping her hands in the fervency of delight, she rose up, and broke forth into music. It was a song to the Ocean! and the full clear notes found an echo not only in the rocks around but in the respondent breast of our hero. Every nerve within him answered to that exquisite melody—it was sweet indeed—for the heart of the singer was in her song.

Reader, while Charles stands harkening, let me introduce you to my heroine—I would have you know her before you go with her through the following pages—I would have you acquainted with the purity of her mind and the glowing strength of her imagination—lest you might call her buoyant fancy unnatural wildness and her simplicity by a harsher name.

And here let me premise, that she is not a creature of ideal creation formed to give interest to my story—but that the story is woven to introduce her—I knew such an one—she has lived among the allurements of a city, yet she has preserved all the enchanting singleness of her nature! The sirocco of change has blown all around her, yet she has escaped its blight. Let no one say that her character is overdrawn. I have portrayed her as she is.

Let us stand by her side and observe her as she sits in the arbor. She is a brunette—her hair is dark and combed back from her forehead, a slight curl only resting on her cheek. Her features are not regular nor actually beautiful. True beauty indeed, that beauty which is lit up by the fire of soul, does not dwell in calm and changeless form—it loves to flit across the expressive face—at one moment arraying it in bright and startling loveliness—then shrouding it in a placid yet beaming serenity. Such are the charms of our heroine—there is the radiance of inward beauty on every feature.—Soul—the speaking soul is glowing in every flash of her lustrous eye as it now gazes in fixed admiration, now with lightning quickness glances on the objects around her and again, is radiant with the mellow ray of confidence and affection. Note now, the grace of her attitudes and the quickness, vivacity and frequency of her gestures. She needs not to speak,—for there are a thousand messengers from her heart that tell her tale ere tongue can perform its duty. She is robed in a simple dress of white—artificial ornaments detract not from the consistent singleness of her character—an emerald alone sparkles on her finger.

When she converses with you, you may at times be startled by the words that tell 'an unvarnished tale.' But let them not grate harshly on your ear, for when again their sentiment is pleasant to you, you are sure that there is no deceit—that the guileful breath of flattery exhales not from her lips. With the simplicity of a child of nature, she opens to you her heart—and you will love her the more, when you feel that her words are the perfect mirror of her mind.

There is a still, unobtrusive ease of manner over all its graces, and never betrayed into an ill-judged act or expression, appearing, nevertheless to be unaffected artlessness, being as it is the perfection of art, which was received as the mother ore, pure and unalloyed.—I like it not.—It was the remark of Lamb that 'he who has no grain of folly in his mixture may have pounds of something worse.' Give me the simplicity of nature—here and there rugged indeed and unpleasing,—but all unchanged and unadulterated—let me feel that there is no deceit—let me know that when I am gone away, the lip that has praised, will not revile me,—and the face that has smiled sweetly on me, will not be mantled in scorn! I would have nature with all its faults.

Now, reader, to our tale—you know my heroine—we will now hear her voice—every tone of which is rich and stirring music!

Charles Robersay has been standing by her side while I have been describing her. For a long while he has been unable to address her, but now he speaks—

'Pardon me, lady, but may I interrupt you?'

'Ah!' exclaimed she, with almost a shriek of surprise, turning her bright eye upon him—then smiling she bent her gaze upon the ground and added 'excuse me, sir, but your sudden appearance startled me.'

'I would not have intruded upon your solitude, but the unfortunate condition of a fellow-creature, compelled me. Where can I obtain aid, for an injured and I fear expiring man?'

'Injured and expiring? Alas! only my father is here, for Peter is away—and my poor parent cannot go—but what of that—I will go with you! Is he far from us?'

'I fear you will not be able to bear the fatigue. He is distant at least a mile.'

'A mile! answered she, with a rich inflexion so inspiring to the hearer—'fatigued by a mile! and in such a cause? Oh no!'

Filled with renewed vigor by the presence of such a companion, Charles led the way along the narrow path. So slight had been the acquaintance of the two, so peculiar its cause, and so wonder struck our hero at its singularity, that scarce a word did he speak as he hastened on. The maiden tripped along by his side, and as the shades of evening were falling among the tall spreading trees, she seemed in her snowy dress an inhabitant of another sphere, bent on her errand of mercy. They walked so rapidly that a few minutes brought them to the spot where the Hunchback had been left. Soon after Lord Robersay's departure, he had recovered from his swoon, and crawled, weak as he was, to the root of a shady tree, where he had lain himself down.

The maiden started when she discovered him, and with a shriek exclaimed—'It is Peter! Oh he is dead! he is dead'—and she knelt with clasped hands by his side, while tears coursed down her cheeks. Charles' wonder was now increased. There was so much of mystery in all the circumstances of the case—the adventure with the fisherman—the strange conduct of the Hunchback—the loveliness of the spot where he had seen the maiden—and the familiarity with which she now spoke of the wounded man—all contributed to his amazement. He soon found that life yet remained in the deformed, for when he raised him up, he groaned with pain. Nothing could be more dreadful than his appearance. His face wore no look of life, but was of a ghastly whiteness. The handkerchief which Lord R. had bound around his temples had become saturated with blood, and the red gore had trickled down his cheeks, horribly contrasted with the livid paleness of his features. Yet undeterred by this sad exhibition, the weeping girl helped to support him, as Lord R. bore him along. Their progress was slow and painful; often were they compelled to pause and recover strength, and when they reached the dell beneath the tower, Lord R. was almost exhausted.

'Oh, sir,' said the maiden, 'how good you are to labor thus for another. Poor Peter! Do you think he will die?'

'No lady—he needs restoratives, and rest, and dressing for his wounds. I grieve that there is no surgeon here.'

'Oh, my father is well skilled in all the surgeon's art.—Let us carry him into the cottage—my father is there.'

They entered with their burden through a rough door into the hut. The apartment was evidently used for a kitchen—for culinary utensils were hung on the walls around, and a bright fire was burning in the rudely constructed chimney. It was now almost dark, and as the flame sent forth a flickering light, the rays rested in horrible glare on the features of the Hunchback. The maiden pointed to an inner room, and Charles with her assistance bore him in, and laid him on the bed. Then a gruff voice from beside the little window spoke—

'Ha! Elizabeth, is it you? Where is Peter?'

'Oh father,' said the girl, flitting across the room—'Peter is here—but he is wounded and helpless. What shall we do?'

'Wounded and helpless!'—again exclaimed the voice, 'Damnation take the fellow, where has he been!'

'Father,' said the sweet voice of Elizabeth in a whisper, 'there is a stranger here!'

'A stranger—well get a light, girl.'

Elizabeth tripped by the wondering Charles into the outer apartment, and soon appeared with a light, whose beams revealed the objects around.

It contained only a bed and a few chairs. In one, by a small window, on the side of the room opposite to the bed, sat a short, thickset man, whose foot was enveloped in flannel, and who was just reaching out for his crutches. His hair was thick and inclining to grey, his forehead high, and his face full and red. His complexion was hardened and roughened by time and exposure, and his eyes looked forth from beneath a pair of shaggy brows. There was a hard expression on his features, but yet he seemed not wholly callous to the softer passions. Elizabeth set down the lamp, and assisted him to rise. As he leaned on her he looked in her beaming face, and those hard features softened themselves into a smile of love.

'This gentleman, father, has brought poor Peter through the woods.'

'Ah—has he,' said the old man, approaching him on his crutches, 'has he—upon my soul I thank him. Glad to see you, young man—glad to see you—give us your hand—give us your hand'—and thereupon he shook Charles' proffered hand with a grasp like the binding of an iron vice. 'But how's this—how's this—how in the devil's name did Peter get into such a scrape? Why the fellow's almost dead.'

Charles then briefly related the circumstances under which he had met the deformed, to which the old man listened as he moved about on his crutches, preparing to dress the Hunchback's wounds; only interrupting him by an occasional 'Yes'—'yes'—'indeed'—'on my soul'—&c. and at times calling upon his daughter to bring him such articles

as he required. The old man was apparently well stocked with medicines and the necessary materials for binding up wounds, for in a short time after Elizabeth had left the apartment, he had examined the bruises of the wounded man and attended to them all.

'Not bad—not bad!' said he at length, 'he wants to be still a day or two, and he'll be well enough. This cursed gout!' continued he, 'keeps me closeted in the hut these warm days. But I'll taste the cool air a little while outside. Come young man, let us go out.'

Charles followed him as he went out, and they found there Elizabeth.

'Is he much hurt father?' asked she.

'No—no, love. Not badly. The d—d fishermen have hated him for a long while—they think he's an evil spirit. I told the fool not to go near 'em—and now they've tried to kill him. He'll get over it if he's let alone.'

'Oh, I'm so glad—for Peter is a good fellow!'

'Good'—muttered the old man between his teeth, 'the damned villain.'

'Isn't he good, father?' said she, hearing only his intonation on the word. 'I'm sure he does anything for me I wish him to—and—there—there—you need say no more—I know he is good—and then he's so queerly shaped! Oh, I love anything strange—don't you sir?' said she, appealing to Charles.

'Oh, yes, yes'—answered he half confused—for he had been absorbed in the contemplation of her countenance, lit up by the faint ray of the lamp that shone through the window. 'Yes—I love strange things'—yet he thought he never could love so particularly strange a fellow, as he had proved the Hunchback to be.

He now thought it time to be on his way through the forest—he knew not how far distant he was from his home, but the moon was rising, and he remembered the marks of the path. The old man tried to persuade him to remain over night, but he deemed it best to go.

'Well—well—if you must, why a good night to you—but' and then the old man drew near to him and spoke in a low tone, 'come again—shall be glad to see you—glad to see you. Look out though for that cursed Peter—look out!—Come while he's sick—tomorrow—the next day—and the next—my girl here will entertain you—am an old cripple, and I can't—but look out for that cursed Peter. Good night; bid him good night Lizzy.'

'Good night, sir'—said she, 'You will come again, won't you?'

Charles could only say 'yes,' and started on his return. He was many miles from the House, yet the way seemed very short; for he thought as he went of a sweet voiced, black-eyed maiden. He reached his home, and found it brilliantly illuminated and its gay company engaged in the merry dance. He changed his dress, arranged his toilette, and joined them. There were there beautiful ladies—some of England's high born dames—and they smiled on him, and surrounded him with all the splendor of dazzling loveliness, and the blandishments of grace—music too, softly sounded in his ear, and all was the enchantment of splendor, of gaiety, and of joy. When he retired to rest, the mingled scene came back again—drawn by memory on the tablet of his mind—confused sounds rang in his ears, various forms flitted before his sight, and the faces of the fair ones he had just parted from, again smiled on him in their enchanting beauty, but they faded one by one—sounds forms and faces vanished—and as he sunk to sleep, the last tones that stole sweetly o'er his senses were the melodious notes of a white-robed maiden, and the last angel form that came softly up before his imagination, was that of a dark-haired girl, with a flashing eye—and he heard one call her, 'Elizabeth!'

(To be continued.)

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1835.

RAMBLES IN BOSTON.

PERPETUAL MOTION! Of a truth we know not when we have seen a more ingenious bit of machinery than this Pneumatorium of Morse's, now exhibiting at Concert Hall. Nor should we do it, or the remarkable man who has contrived it, justice, were we to stop here.—It is not only ingenious and beautiful to a surprising degree, but capable of ten thousand *business* applications. The air once condensed—in other words, the machine once set a-going, it would go forever, but for the natural imperfection of the machinery and the materials thereof. Do not mistake us. This is not a machine which once put together, would go of itself on taking your fingers off—or on applying a small weight in a carriage upon two horizontal wheels, with compound levers, united chains, and a *concealed power*, like that of Redheifers, and that by Lukes, of Philadelphia, for a moment. But it is a machine, which once prepared, *might* go forever, and what more would you have to satisfy the searchers after perpetual motion. Nor is it a machine which *supplying itself with power* from those alterations of the atmosphere which take place at all times, and *everywhere*, goes by night and by day, in winter or in summer—without being wound up as it were. But once being wound up, it continues to wind itself up forever and ever!—suppose, if you will, a reservoir in a garret, with power, *after being once filled*, of continuing to fill itself, so long as the pipes and the machinery lasted, and you have an idea, but an idea only of this beautiful contrivance.—But, if you love mechanics, or natural philosophy, you ought to see the machine for *itself*—to watch its operations step by step; to see how ingeniously the power watches its own pulses—upholding, begetting and sustaining itself, how it *shifts* itself (and really it might be made to *shirt* itself, were that necessary,) and how—which is a very remarkable adaptant of mechanical contrivance to a new object—how it so regulates and adjusts itself as to keep a *uniform motion*, and *always*, whether the hollow piston be rising or falling in the air chamber, *always to turn the wheels the same way*. Nothing can be more simple. The whole process is before you—the reservoir once charged, the piston sets up for itself directly—begins business on its own account—the wheels revolve—the power is transferred whichsoever the machine *wills*—the weights *ascend*, the globe turns, the condenser goes to work like a political economist, and proportions the supply to the demand with more than the mathematical accuracy of a Ricardo or a Bell—and, to say all in a word—*perpetual motion* is effected!

P. S. We recommend to the curious to observe the exceeding sensibility of the machine—what the most careful approaches of unhallowed familiarity are to the Mimosa, any change of the atmosphere however delicate or imperceptible, is to the *Pneumatorium*—or, at any rate, *appears* to be.

THE DIORAMA. Just what we believed and expected!—a piece of impudent, low-lived quackery; about as much entitled to the name of *Diorama*, after its consecration at Paris, London, St Petersburg and elsewhere, as Ferguson's wooden Orrery would be entitled to that of the Solar System. The picture of Capt Ross and all that—is clever enough in its way, but not worth crossing the street to see. The burning of the East Indiaman, and all the rest of the silly things which are enumerated on the hand-bills a foot and a half square, the merest catch-pennies on earth—most of them would shame a puppet-show.—Walk in gentlemen! walk in!—a penny a pair gentlemen, that's all! a penny a pair—and you may see ever so many cathedrals, and churches, and palaces, &c. &c. &c.—all which are *engravings*, with wooden frames, hung up in the passage, though you are looking after the Diorama!—The *Diorama!*—Rank blasphemy to call it so.

MR PERKINS'S PORTICO. We were mistaken in what we said the other day about this fine portico. It is beautifully proportioned. The house, seen by day-light, is wider, much wider, than we supposed it; and altogether it is a very handsome affair. We are glad—no, sorry to find ourselves so confoundedly mistaken; and lose no time in saying so.

HARDING'S ROOM. Chief Justice Marshall dead!—pshaw! We saw him but the day before yesterday looking as well as ever—ay better than ever.—Some will have it that the veritable man we saw was not the Chief Justice himself, but only a portrait of him by Chester Harding.—Don't you believe a word of it. Haven't we travelled!—haven't we seen the most wonderful portraits on earth—by Titian—by Velasquez—by Rembrandt—by Rubens—by Vandyke—by Reynolds—by Lawrence—and ever so many more of them who live by corrupting flesh and blood with paint and oil?—and do you think we don't know the difference between a picture and the man himself?

P. S. Harding's women are getting to be graceful and lady-like; and most of his men are indeed men.—But his Judge Marshall is a great picture—great for its wonderful and hazardous distinctness—great for the very faults in the coloring—good as a *portrait*, great as a *picture*. Oh that we could say as much of all the people he has *done!*

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS (of Boston).—Great changes and all for the better. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Notwithstanding the wealth, intelligence, and pride of the Bostonians, twelve years ago, change would would have been perfectly synonymous with *improvement*. Compare a Doric portico—with shafts too small for the Ionic, and with capitals belonging to no order under heaven, which you may find in a large, almost princely mansion, by the State House, with the calm—pure and steady Dorics now in fashion, here—though even these have not a few unjustifiable mouldings about the capitals of the pilasters, and usually throughout the whole entablature.—Still the public buildings of Boston are honorable to the city—nay to New-England; the private buildings tasteful and well contrived, though *badly built*, just now, and even the stores and warehouses, far handsomer than you find either in Paris or London. There's for you! The Quincy stone is indeed beautiful, and its faults hardly worth mentioning. Why are bricks used at all?—Handsome, rough granite would be cheaper now than tolerable bricks, and would cost nothing to be kept handsome. Nay—a front of *polished granite*, handsomer and more durable than any other material under heaven, might be built like that of the Suffolk bank, so much and so justly admired, for *one or two thousand dollars at most*, over and above what it would cost to build of hammered granite (or sienite) which is always changing, and always for the worse.—Nothing but this can protect the feldspar of the Quincy sienite, nor the common pyrites of almost every other granite from changes fatal to beauty.

P. S. We hope to see some of the *real* Kennebunk in this market before long—and perhaps a polished front such as we have mentioned.

THEATRE. Popped into the Tremont for a few minutes Wednesday evening, and saw Mrs Ternan—Fanny Jarman that was—at the winding up of her Lady Teazle.—Took a mortal dislike to her ladyship—and for that very reason determined to see her once more. Saw her the following Monday in the Hunchback; and were ready to hang ourselves (and her) that she should have persuaded us to think so poorly of her as we had. Her Julia is wonderful. Barring her stage trick—all that which was mere declamation, and of that she had very little—we have seen nothing superior, *anywhere*, to the fervent, passionate, varied and *natural* manifestations of character in Julia. Her intonations of tenderness—her intrepid, eloquent, and almost frightful energy in her appeal to Master Walter, all these things were enough to satisfy us—and we are not very easily satisfied, we flatter ourselves. The afterpiece, where she played Victorine, in the Somnambulist, though clever, wonderfully clever in parts, was, as a whole, no great things. She wanted the cottage look—there was too much refinement in her attitude, her night-dress, and her look for a peasant girl about to be married to a peasant youth. But the play itself is badly managed. Admitting the truth of all that was *proved* upon the stage—what then? Does it follow, notwithstanding his protestations, and the protestations of the handsome young officer, in whose chamber she slept—does it follow because the audience *who see all*, happen to be satisfied, that the neighbors will be, her betrothed ought to be satisfied?—*satisfied* beyond the possibility of doubt? Put yourselves in his case—or in their case.—No!—when these things are cleared up, let them be cleared up. The shawl *found upon the bed* (a pretty incident, hey?) might have suggested another and a better mode.—Suppose Mad. Gertrude had been concealed in a closet, where she could see all and hear all—at the very time the poor girl entered the chamber—and suppose, that from jealousy or spite or envy, she had concealed the knowledge of her innocence, until the production of the shawl found, not *on the officer's bed*, but in that very closet—here we should have had proof, proof positive, and the husband, as in duty bound, ought to be satisfied.

The rest of the company did well. Master Walter was rather *Keanish*, though without knowing or understanding it perhaps, in the finest passages; and yet in his expostulation with *his daughter*, and even at the declaration of his birth he was original, manly, and *very respectable*—nothing more. Smith was very good—Mrs Smith excellent.—Clifford, well enough throughout the play, save in that convulsive '*Fare—farewell*'—farewell Julia'—and very good in two or two or three passages. In the afterpiece he did better, looked better and felt better. Johnson overdid his jumping about—which, between ourselves, we were astonished at; for a goodly portion was excellent. Another whose name we forget, the *friend* of the disappointed bridegroom, was very well—very well indeed. Take the piece together, it was well performed—and that's enough to say.

A word with the young female in a sailor's trousers though—it is the manager's fault perhaps—but still a word with her. Women don't make very good sailors—their hips &c, &c, are too broad.—Toddle-to-waddle-to-pop did wonders—but the savages who called them both out a second time, and made them go over all their work anew, ought to be made to feel what it is. If we had the power, we'd set them all a-dancing at this blessed moment—no matter where they are, nor what they are doing—and keep them at work till they had enough of it. Oh that they had at least one *steam leg* apiece, instead of that 'steam arm,' which was capital to be sure, though the idea is borrowed—and were unable to stop after they had once begun to toe-and-heel it through Cornhill, the Court House or the Fish-market, and were obliged to begin a sailor's hornpipe up one street and down another—and to hear encore! shouted after them at every corner, till they were ready to drop with fatigue, or at least to acknowledge that there is no compliment so cruel as to make a person repeat a capital song, save and except this of making a little child or a young woman dance herself to death—without the help of a steam leg. Shame on the wretches!—Give the call if you please, or the shout of *encore*—and then let it die away. This would be better for all parties—it would save time and patience and the compliment too were worth having. N.

AMERICAN HOUSE. *Very* clean, orderly and quiet—with only four things to be complained of; 1st, the situation (which cannot be helped); 2nd, no napkins for breakfast; 3rd, neither plated or silver forks even for the ladies' ordinary; 4thly, too much pepper in the soup, which, whether entitled a potage a la Julien, a maccaroni, or rice soup, is always at bottom the concentrated essence of the finest West India peppers—all which can be helped. With these *four* exceptions—if they are four—we haven't stopped to count them, we recommend the American House to all who understand the worth of good beds, clean rooms, watchful and quick attendance, a table where everything worth eating is sure to be found, cooked much better than we are accustomed to see things cooked in our fashionable hotels—where they are neither French nor English, and where you are often puzzled to know whether you are eating fish, flesh or fowl, and where, if you and the waiters also, don't happen to understand French, you are in a sad scrape more times than you may think proper to acknowledge. We have not forgotten how we saw a poor fellow—an Irishman—flabbergasted at the Tremont, when with the bill of fare in his hand, he heard a man ask for a small piece of *veal-blanket*.

ALEXANDER'S ROOMS. All we have had occasion to say heretofore of this man's courage, taste, and beautiful imagination, we find corroborated by a number of his pictures we did not see at the Gallery. An artist and a poet—in a very enlarged and elevated sense, we cannot help expecting more from Mr Alexander, within his particular range of the art, than from any other living artist. By this we do not mean to place him before all his brother artists in portrait painting, not indeed—for each hath his own excellencies, and his own peculiar faults; but merely to set him in the foremost rank of those who have a passion for the Ideal, and power to express that passion. What he may be as a mere portrait painter, will depend upon circumstances. He colors bravely—sees nature with an eye that cannot be deceived, though it may be led away, by his admiration of that which, whatever else it may be, is not nature—and may do in portraiture, if he will, what he has done with a department which is not portraiture; unless indeed you may think proper to call it historical portraiture. H.

ULTRA-ISM.

PROLOGUE.

[*Enter the New-York Courier and Enquirer.*]

Solus.] Oh this is glorious! A vivid flame
Is burning now from the disputed bounds
Of distant Maine to Georgia's cotton fields
And both are ours! I will make of this
A noble hobby—I will swell my list—
I'll say that law is nothing in the case—
That our good citizens may Lynch and tar
And feather as they please! Five hundred names
Is the lowest estimate on this great chance!
I thank George Thompson Abolitionist!

[*Enter the Boston Atlas.*]

Atlas. Ha! —save you Courier—Stormy times are these!
Behoves us keep a good look-out to windward—
How act you, sir, in this?
Courier. O root and branch
Must foreign emissaries be destroyed!
Atlas. Agreed with you—and though we both, of course,
Tremble to think of mobs—
Courier. Oh certainly—
Atlas. Yet what's the use of losing half our list
By bold et independence? E'en though we
Decry these measures of these thoughtless men;
Yet if we rail the mob, there's some will shout—
'At heart thou art an Abolitionist!'
Wont they?
Courier. They will! I'll take my oath upon't!
Atlas. And our subscribers would much rather hoot us
Catch all our cues from them, and gently follow
Whither they choose to lead—oh yes—my way
Will be to please the public and myself
By cautious and thoughts equivocal.
Good milk and water, if there's sugar in it
The public likes and it will fatten on't,
And hasten to subscribe.

[*Enter Commercial Gazette, just from dinner.*]

Com. Gaz. O friends, a pickle dreadful we are in!
Good Heaven preserve us! I'm no friend to mobs,
But if I say a word against them now
Subscribers will fall off, and I shall lose
My means to purchase dainty things to eat,
And the next summer there'll not be for me
A cent for capons, salmon and green peas!
I'll dodge the question!
Atlas. So will I!
Courier. And I!
Exeunt severally.

WE pray the reader not to suppose that we intend to tax his good patience by a discourse on the exciting topic of the day. We have nothing to do with it. Our article of the last week was against the 'respectable mob,' and concerned nothing else; and we were sorry that it was necessary even to mention the word 'Abolitionism.' A late New York paper has stated that the foreigner who has stirred up the good people of these States so lamentably, has sailed for England. We should heartily rejoice to be assured of the truth of this news. We would bid good bye to him with all our heart. Our purpose now is with the newspapers and the public.

The late agitating events have betrayed more openly than any previous excitement within our remembrance, on what a deplorable foundation the newspaper PRESS of America is established—a foundation too, which it is scarcely possible to change or overthrow, fixed as it is by the very nature of our free institutions. In England newspapers have something to sustain them aside from their subscription monies. Let them espouse whatever cause they may, there are always some powerful and wealthy friends in the background to guard them against any suffering and failure from want of patronage. The laws also with regard to periodicals are of such a nature as to place them on a permanent footing. But every newspaper in America is dependent upon its list of subscribers. If displeased with the sentiments of an Editor, his supporters may at once desert him and bankruptcy be the consequence. An Editor therefore, if he have not much consideration for his own honor and consistency, must so play his cards as in all cases to avoid offence.—Too many are of this stamp—too many have joined the corps only because they deemed it a good [illegible] *business*. Too many are constantly scouting about to catch the breath of public opinion and spread the blast—no matter whether it be pure and untainted or whether it bear on its wings the withering blight of lawlessness or immorality.

Newspapers in America have more influence than we imagine. There are thousands in the community who regard their newspaper as an oracle, whose words are from the mouth of a god—whose sentiments are stamped with the seal of truth—whose honesty is unfailing and impeccable. How then should men look to the uprightness and unwavering honesty of an Editor, when they reflect upon the power in his hands! How should they expect and require of him to lead and direct public opinion and not meanly skulk in the back-ground, waiting until its will is sounded forth as with the voice of a trumpet—and then flatter the passions, already too madly riotous? What is the case? Men will not see how the opinions of most Editors chime in harmoniously with the chords sounded on the instrument of popular feeling; how completely some have disrobed themselves of everything upright and honorable—ay, of everything that is characteristic of a man—and have degradedly become the tools, the flatterers, the pimps of others—sieves full of holes for the feelings of others to pass through—a part of the chaff remaining behind, still farther to disgrace.

No proof is needed of the truth of these assertions. They are stamped in glaring colors upon the pages of half our newspapers. And what is the effect? Why public opinion has to take care of itself and work its own way. No matter whether the path it chooses be straight or crooked—no matter whether noisome exhalations arise from its borders—no matter whither it leads—be it even to destruction—and then when it is in the full madness of its career, forth come the fawning sycophants and bow down before and supplicate for its favor—applauding its zeal and its truth, and urging it onward in its path!

But we have headed our article ULTRA-ISM—and we meant to refer to the unjustifiable extent to which the newspapers proceed when they have sounded the depth of popular feeling and have launched their boat upon its waters.—Nothing, in many cases, seems too distant for them to reach—no degradation—no servility.—Look, for instance, at the political newspapers—we will will not except those of any party—and see to what unwarrantable bounds they are content to *travel*—Is a man advanced by an opposite party as a candidate for any office? ay, an *honest* man—for there are honest men on every *side*, and of every kind of opinion—Slander will be busy with his private character—his very fireside will be disturbed and his holiest associations defamed—he will be accused of almost every crime forbidden in the decalogue—every word he utters will be caught up and misrepresented—every act warped if possible to his disadvantage.—And why is this so? Because all our Journalists are lovers of malicious falsehood?—No—but because they feel assured that they are ministering to the passions and prejudices of their patrons and would make these minister to their advantage. It is unnecessary to adduce other instances. To speak of the temporary excitements that at times agitate the community and the course pursued by many of our newspapers in regard to them.

We know that an Editor must be politic. We will not hold that it is proper for him to thrust his fingers into the fire. But if he feels that his views are at variance with those of his subscribers, and would not offend them, let him be *silent*; but let him when he does speak, speak the *honest truth*.

For ourself, we have ever placed the Editor on a level with the Clergyman and Instructer—for his words are even more decided in their impression. We are young in our vocation, and look up to it as our business for life; we depend upon it for our daily bread—but we pray that interest may never warp our truth—that though we starve in a garret, we may be *honest*. We trust that every reflecting subscriber to a journal had rather *feel* that when an opinion is advanced in it, he may rely upon it as the expression of true feeling, than to know that prejudice and servility characterize the pages he is reading. The motto of an Editor should be—TRUTH or *Silence*. H.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PAULDING'S WORKS—Vol V. VI. Being '*Letters from the South by a Northern man.* Harpers. We hope, one day or other to find time, for a sober-sided, systematical review of Paulding, and the works of Paulding. It is an act of justice we owe to him, and mean to discharge, as we have said before—some time or another.—Meanwhile, as parts and parcels of what he has contributed to the great store-house of English, no of American literature, fall in our way, we must have a word or two with them, just by way of satisfying, or rather quieting our consciences, till we have leisure for keeping a promise and fairly discharging our obligations. Obligations we say, because we hold that every American is under obligations, which his posterity will acknowledge if he does not, to the author of Paulding's Works.

We remember the Letters from the South, when they first appeared. We remember them too, as thoroughly charged with the strong and homely, the generous and manly productions of the author—without coarseness, and without affectation, they are hearty and positively American; peculiar, vigorous and healthy. N.

CAREY'S LIBRARY OF CHOICE LITERATURE—A new publication to appear in weekly numbers, published by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, may be obtained of E. R. Broaders the Boston publisher. The four numbers that have already appeared contain the life of Sir James Mackintosh, by his son. If these cheap works are properly supported, they will do an *immense* deal of good; literature is place by them within the reach of every one, and in most cases literature of the best kind. The work before us has made a good beginning. Its price is but five dollars a year. H.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. Edgar A. Poe, Editor. We have heartily recommended this work upon the strength of two numbers. Having now seen the whole, instead of seeing reason to qualify what we then said, we are rather inclined to say more—much more in its favor. It is a work which the South may well be proud of—let the North say what it will. And by this we mean, as everybody who knows our opinion of the South, and of the men of the South, may well believe, a compliment worth having. Still—it depends upon them whether the Southern Literary Messenger, (being the title!) be or be not fifty times better than it now is. N.

POTTER'S EURIPIDES—a part of the Classical Library, now under publication by the Harpers. Let every student—every man of leisure in our country, with spirit enough to think for himself, and with taste enough to enjoy that leisure—*like a man*, have his eye on the early classics, which are so everlastingly alluded to and talked about—though never *studied*, and hardly even *read*. They will strengthen and purify him—not because they *are*, but because they are *not* what the mob of scholars believe them to be. Let every one judge for himself—avoiding prejudice and eschewing partiality. This, and other works of a similar character, ought to be things of study, *not* in our common schools, where associated with a thousand irksome duties, and fearful, perhaps humiliating recollections, but in our family libraries. There they should be studied—and there *compared*. N.

PEREGRINATIONS.—No. VI.

THE workmen are now engaged in raising the ponderous stones that are to form the porticoes of the New Court House, to their final position, and as the work progresses, we are better enabled to decide how the coup d'œil of the building will strike the eye when it shall be completed.—We have long desired to make some remarks upon this structure and now that it is so nearly finished, feel justified in fulfilling our design.

The public, out of whose pocket the funds for its erection were to come, had a right to expect and demand that those to whose judgment the matter was entrusted, should unite economy with advantage, as far as might be practicable—or at least should give them their *money's worth*—and that if a large sum were expended our citizens might see before them a beautiful, well-built structure, in which justice could be honorably, safely and conveniently administered.

We had one Court House already—a bugbear—and standing in such narrow proximity to the spot chosen for the new one, we hoped it would operate as a stimulus on the building committee to urge them to their best endeavors—and teach them not to fall into error. What has been the effect of this beacon light, we shall proceed to show.

No spot of ground in the first place, in the whole city could have been selected, combining less advantages for the site of an elegant building, than the one on which the New Court House stands. It is not the actual inherent beauty of an edifice alone that makes it please the eye, but consistency, position and the fitness of surrounding objects, all unite to produce this effect. A structure should be considered as the prominent object in a picture, in which the back ground must be properly managed and harmony preserved, or the work of the artist goes for naught. Now what is the case with the New Court House? Why it is in a spot so surrounded by buildings that you cannot see it till you are close upon it; buildings too, of such varieties of shape and size, as to detract from all the merit it possesses. Some are square, some oblong—some high and some low, placed too, in every possible irregularity of position.

What could have prompted the gentlemen of the Committee to erect this pile where they have, we cannot imagine. Unless it be that from time immemorial justice had been administered on that spot—that it has risen on the foundation of its venerable and crumbling predecessor—that the even-handed Goddess had consecrated the place and chosen it for her everlasting seat—and that she would scorn to adjust the balance in any unhallowed region.—There may be something in this—association may have strong rule in the hearts of these gentlemen. This is the only plea they can offer—their only hope for forgiveness.

Many suggestions have been made that the Greene Estate should have been selected for the site of this structure.—We conceive this scheme to be and to have been utterly impracticable. It is the design of the capitalists engaged in the improvements on that estate to have it covered with elegant dwelling-houses; and who would wish to reside in the immediate vicinity of a court house—including as this does all our Courts, and of necessity attracting a constant crowd of lawyers, culprits and spectators? Had the city erected it on the summit of the hill, it would indeed have been an ornament to its position—but it would have greatly depreciated the value of the contiguous land—more than it would warrant the city in paying for, yet too much for strict justice should it not be paid for. But there are a thousand excellent places where it could have been erected and those in the heart of the city. It is unfortunate that it stands where it does—and it is to be hoped that the city government will remedy the evil as far as lies in its power, by removing so many of the surrounding buildings as will leave it in a more open position—and give it what it seems to need, more air. It looks stifled.

In the second place, as to the Court House itself—it is not what the expense bestowed upon it might have and should have made it. We are no advocates for a niggardly economy in the erection of a public edifice. No—it should be ever a monument of taste as well as of use—it should show that our citizens and city corporation are the true judges of what is due to their honor as well as to their advantage.—A large sum has evidently been expended in the construction of the New Court House, and a pile has been raised without one jot of beauty in architectural design. It would take too much time and paper to describe it, and it would probably be unnecessary. Suffice it to say that it is a huge square edifice with straight smooth walls, without anything to relieve its nakedness—and might, had it bars to its windows, pass as well for a jail as a Court House. To destroy in some measure its bald look, costly porticoes have been attached to its ends—very, very beautiful in themselves but not effecting the object for which they were intended, and losing by contact with their monstrous parent half their own inherent elegance. To use the homely simile of a countryman standing beside us as we were lately contemplating the pile, they look 'like children's caps stuck on a giant's head.' The difficulty has arisen, if we are properly informed, from constant departures from the original plan. Of course if such a thing be suffered, unity must perforce be lost.

Of the interior arrangements of the Court House we are unable at present to speak. The subject is of importance to our citizens, and after obtaining the necessary information from those who are qualified to judge, we shall advert to it again.

Now let us walk by Boylston Market: We will suppose it is of a Saturday, and what do we find there? Thirty-three vehicles of all shapes and sizes blocking up the street! Thirty three carts in an avenue not over wide, and the thoroughfare for a great portion of the travel to Roxbury! What can a traveller do? Why, stop his horse until chance opens to him a passage, or else thread his way through a labaryth more dubious than that of Crete.

In former times there used to be a law that no vehicles of any description should remain stationary in the street more than five minutes unless for a very particular cause.—But all such laws, we presume are done away with now—we have become so fond of liberty that we don't want any law.

We know that the business of Boylston Market is rapidly increasing and we rejoice at it—but we cannot but think that the street was meant for the accommodation of passers by. Where is the efficient City Marshal?—or *one of his two assistants*? Mr Pollard, daily complaints of this nuisance are being made. We respectfully beg you to look to it. H.

OFFSETS.

RHYMES. Rhymes at the beginning of a line are absurd. Why so? Why more absurd at the beginning than at the end? They are the tricks and barbarisms of another age, of a piece with acrostics and other ingenuities.

MUSIC OF LANGUAGE. Whether in prose or poetry you cannot change the words of a musical period without spoiling the *sense*—ay, the *sense!* You cannot even change their place—you cannot transpose them, though the words are the same, the meaning the same, and the very grammar the same, without offending the ear.

AFFECTATION OF FACULTY. There are those who never work if they can help it; and when they do, they are ashamed of it. If found out they try to excuse themselves. If caught in the fact, they had overslept themselves. As if we were put here *to play!*

NEW YORK. The city of *strangers*. The great thoroughfare of adventurers, gamblers and headlong speculators; a congress—where all the vices and follies, ay, and all the virtues are represented.

CONUNDRUM. Why are charity-sailors like moles?—They have to work their passage.

FOUR RULES FOR COMPOSITION. Be certain first that you mean something. Then be certain what it is you *do* mean. Be certain that what you have to say is worth saying: and then be certain that you have said it.

SECURITY. Sully the elder once remarked that the most perfect idea of Security representable by painting was an arch—he took it for granted, having somewhere seen Security so represented.—Suppose he should paint a beautiful girl—naked and asleep—on a little green island—over the whole extent of which you could see, notwithstanding the trees, with the sea all about her, and a wall of murmuring breakers afar off?—What could harm such a creature in such a place? What could reach her? Her sense of security would be perfect—neither bird nor beast nor fish nor man could touch her. No wonder she fell asleep.

BALL-DRESS. We have seen a majestic woman at a ball, with cobweb muslin over a flame-colored petticoat.—Of course, we had an idea of her character. If no poet, she was at least, or appeared so, luminous with passion, all afire within.

SUCCESS. In large crowded cities, success depends more on accident than on merit—let that merit be ever so much.

DISCOVERIES—Are made by accident rather than by *calculation*, even in arithmetic. Correspondent results being observed, correspondent processes are inferred—that's all.

YANKEE. Shet yer yop. That's spunkey, hey?—I aint hurt nary one o' my hands; want any more o' me?—Heaven forbid!

EDUCATION. We have seen children whipped to their play-ground. Being satisfied that *play* was needed, they were made to play!

NEWSPAPERS. Most newspaper readers are literally the *consumers*. They are discharged as fast as they are caught.

A HUGE FEEDER. Shall I help you sir?—Help him! What! before you take his measure?—before you have ascertained his capacity.

WOMEN. Let a woman wear an old bit of finery newly furbished up, and our life on it, the whole neighborhood rings with it before night! Disguise it as you may—embellish it as you may—with fur-below, or fur above—how instantly the trick is perceived by hand—d good-natured friends! Bless me! how beautiful it is now! one will say. Why how much it is *improved*—it looks better than ever I declare!—another will say; and most of them at the first glance and before strangers. Nay some are ingenious enough to mention the fact as worthy of special praise, even while they are careful not to betray their own *expedients* of a similar nature.

MODERN DELICACY. Walter Scott, for the rhyme sake perhaps, and perhaps for not so good a reason by half, wrote—

> Where shall the traitor rest,
> He the deceiver!
> Who can win a maiden's breast,
> Ruin and leave her.

We have heard these very lines, after they were set to music, sung thus—

> Who can win maiden's breast,
> *Run away* and leave her.

Yet show me a a popular love song, which a modest woman would be willing to put into prose and read aloud in company. N.

THE DRAMA.

ON Tuesday Evening, Mr and Mrs Ternan appeared in the Honey Moon, being for the benefit of the latter. The house was not in any respect what it should have been, not being more than two thirds full, when it ought to have been crammed from floor to ceiling. It is strange how fashion rules every thing—and how little independence in *pleasure* there is as well as in more serious matters. Mrs Ternan is one of the most ladylike and acceptable actresses, who has ever appeared on our boards—and last season the house could not hold the petitioners for admittance; now—but caprice is mistress of almost every heart.

Mr Ternan was very inferior in the Duke Aranza. He began with pompous declamation and carried it through; delivering the light, dashy language of the character, in a most dolorous and mouthing manner—utterly destructive of all true effect. He performs in some things finely, and seems to know always what he is about, but is ever most inflexibly stiff, and Ternanish. In consequence, the first scenes of the Honey Moon, in which he is most prominent were extremely dull and heavy. We should have thought he had been exciting our sympathies in a tearful tragedy, rather than endeavoring to awake our gentler sensibilities with light-hearted Thalia.

Mrs Ternan was delightful. There is a satisfaction in beholding the performances of one whose private character you know will bear the severest scrutiny—and when this excellence is united to such dramatic power as this lady possesses there is double delight. We cannot particularize any parts of her acting which were superior, for she better sustains a character throughout than any other actress we ever saw.

She dances too admirably. In dancing, there is no acting. You feel assured that the woman is before you. We pitied the hearts of the bachelors notwithstanding that she is a married woman, when we saw the perfect grace of her motions. The rustic dance itself was an excellent one (a new one we believe) and was deservedly encored.

In one respect Mrs Ternan must be cautioned. She must not strive to be perfect in every thing. She comes among us as an actress not a *singer*—and when she undertakes to sing, she must give the ballad with perfect simplicity and not strive to execute difficult trills. She has some sweet tones and discourses music of no inferior stamp.

Mr Smith was in all what we could wish him to be, and what he ever ought to be—excellent. He delivered some of the speeches of the woman hater in a most capital manner, and brought down rounds of applause.

Gilbert as Balthasar didn't look like the father of three grown up daughters—and in the first scene in which he appears, he was too still—he stood as stiff as if he had the rheumatism. He should have walked about and introduced more byplay.

Andrews made a first rate mock Duke. We pray him, now that we have seen that he can act without buffoonery and unnatural extravagance, never to degrade himself by assuming it. It is a pity that he can so love the worthless applause of the *groundlings*.

Either Mr Leman is lamentably wanting in taste, or has no command of the wardrobe. He was dressed and looked like a boy of sixteen, and of course did not appear well.

The afterpiece was 'Mary Stuart,' and never—never was a drama better acted in every respect than this. It is a fine natural thing in itself, and was finely and naturally acted. Mrs Ternan was the very shadow of a beautiful, majestic and abused queen.—Ternan a good George Douglas—Mrs Lewis a very passable grandam—Gilbert quite methodistical, and Smith a very gentle page—while Andrews delighted us as Sandy. Why *wont* he always do as well?

Miss Kerr has been *dancing* once or twice this week.—Per Hercle! she'll worry herself into a consumption if she indulges long in such tremendous vagaries.

Mr Fenno has much improved during the past week.—He has made less pretension than before and acquitted himself much better.

On Thursday night there was a miserable house to see Isabella—in which Mrs Ternan was most excellent.

CHIT-CHAT. A Mr Otway who lately attempted Hamlet at the Haymarket, London, fainted in the first act through fright. Vanderhoff is at Liverpool. Charles Kean who is exceedingly popular wherever he goes, is at Brighton.—Connor, some time ago at the Warren, took a benefit on Wednesday at the Walnut street, Philadelphia. Abbot and Miss Wheatley have been at the Chestnut street.—There was a glorious array of talent at the Placide benefit, Mr and Mrs Wood, Miss Philips, Mrs Sharpe, Miss Watson, Mrs Richardson, Wallack, Abbot, Balls, and Burton. John Reeve, the great London Comedian is coming to this country—all are on tiptoe to see him. Wallack has been at the Park—the New York papers find great fault with the Park stock company—say the manager thinks the cheapest are the best. The Tremont goes ahead in every thing after all. Eaton has been at Nashville—goes now to New Orleans. H.

A WHAPPER. There is a capital story going the round of the papers just now. A man fell from the top of a spire in Cleaveland, Ohio. Finding himself on the way down, or just getting under way, as the plank tilted—he whipped out a Spanish clasp knife, and watching an opportunity when about *half way down*, stuck it into the wood with such '*skill and violence*'! (the very language of the story!) that he was enabled to hold by it *full twenty minutes*, when they came to his relief.——This reminds us of a little incident within our own knowledge. A friend was pursued by a large black snake. All at once it occurred to him, just as the reptile was preparing for a jump at his throat; to run round a small birch-tree which stood in his path as tight as he could spring; he did so till he'd got the creature into a *snarl*—when, stopping suddenly, he threw a back-somerset, and the snake trying to follow him, tied himself in a *hard-knot*. We didn't believe that one man in a thousand, who, under similar circumstances, would have such presence of mind: So says the Cleaveland Editor—and so say we. N.

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS AND NUTS TO CRACK.

THE Captain beckoned to us the other day across the street—and there was such a quizzical look on his face that we knew he had something new in his brain. No sooner had we reached his side than he threw back his head and for two minutes indulged in his soundless laugh. Then his eye twinkled—he threw his rusty broad brim a little back—laid his finger on his nose—caught us by the button, and thus began—'Upon my word I've something new, first rate, and true too—it isn't often now a days that you can couple them together. Its a specimen of consolation. There's an old woman in the town of H— whose house caught fire lately; and when the neighbors ran up to help her, the old lady planted herself right before the door and screamed 'No, no, them stairs has jest been washed—I cleaned 'em with my own hands, and I aint a goin to have you runnin up and down with your great clumsy dirty feet—I won't so, after I've scrubbed em myself.' So there she stood and away went the house, and in a little while the fire made prodigious love to it and carried it pretty much all off. 'Well, well'—said the old woman, '*I don't believe there's a house in Massachusetts could burn down, that was cleaner than that, for I scrubbed it with my own hands—and that's some consolation!*'

DIRECTIONS TO CATCH A LOOSE HORSE. When you see a horse coming with a chaise behind him down the street with all his speed, mind if you have a broom in your hand, to go out and flourish it round as hard as you can, screaming and making all sorts of noises—or if you haven't a broom, your hat will do. It won't terrify the horse any more—oh no—why should he be terrified at it, when you do it to stop him; and what's more, its fashionable to do so. If you are a '*respectable man*' and don't like to flourish your hat, set to and hallo and screech, just as you would if you should ever happen to make one of a 'respectable mob.'

If we were the City Marshall, we'd fine every Irish sweeper three dollars thirty-three cents and costs, if he flourished his broom at a loose horse.

OMNIBUSSES. There is at present great rivalry between the different lines of Roxbury Omnibusses, and a ride in them is dog cheap. They will give you sixteen tickets for a dollar. Six and a quarter cents is trifling enough; but in their eagerness *to* outdo each other, they pack in passengers in the most ludicrous manner. No matter how many the carriage will hold—every one that wants a ride must have a seat or he'll go to the other line. We were riding out the other night, with about two dozen huddled together, when a good woman who would weigh some two hundred and fifty pounds, and should speak a day beforehand for two seats, presented herself for admission. 'Any room boy?' 'Oh yes ma'am—room enough for a dozen'—and so the old lady was hoisted in before she could have a chance to glance at the contents of the vehicle. She had hardly stepped into the door before the eager tiger called out 'Go ahead,' and off went the horses. The fat lady had cast her eyes round her in despair just as the omnibus started—almost thrown from her balance by the impulse, she turned round a while to recover herself, and then went with a tremendous concussion into the lap of a burly gentleman after her. Almost crushed, he in agony gave her a toss, and she planted her head in the stomach of his opposite neighbor, who responded to the inuendo by a dreadful groan, and then fell at her length on the floor. Those boys must be looked after.

BATHOS. It is strange that men can so suffer prejudice to warp their judgment, that they will receive the veriest nonsense in literature or anything else, for the most striking beauties. Byron turned people's heads, and no praise can be too good for him—and we hear continually quoted as if it were law itself, the verse:

> 'O night,
> And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength *as is the light*
> *Of a dark eye in woman!*'

What is this passage—'words—words—words'—with the most decided bathos beneath them that could possibly be invented. Just think!—comparing the night, the furious storm, the mystery of darkness, to a *woman's eye!* dark indeed, but a woman's eye still! Had any one but Byron made this ridiculous simile, criticism would have instantly annihilated him. We've seen a great many women's eyes but never one that could hold a candle to a storm.

MR S. HAYNES JENKS, Senator from Nantucket and Editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, is a powerful and beautiful writer. His letters dated from this city impart an exceeding interest to the pages of his paper. We always hail its appearance with the greatest pleasure. The touching sketch of a 'City Sabbath,' which we copied a few weeks ago was his—and in his last number he has an equally interesting stroll over Mount Auburn.

We hasten with pleasure to correct our assertion respecting the gentleman who has lately given a large sum to found a College in Illinois. He formerly owned property in that State but has sold it to a company.

The New-York Commercial Advertiser has a fine attack upon the attendant immoralities of the Theatre. Right—We like to see it—fire away until some good is done.—Thankful are we that our Tremont can boast of its freedom from impurity. What other theatre can do the same? Why cannot men when they would express their sentiments be somewhat *reasonable*? Why must we in all things go to the most unwarrantable extremes—can any good be done by it?

The Daily Reformer of Thursday, says through one of its correspondents who vehemently decries the mob, that Garrison was confined in a *loathsome and pestiferous cell of our city prison!* Good heavens! we should think he were writing of some Austrian dungeon or the inmost recesses of the Old Bailey! Our Boston Jail loathsome and pestiferous!

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The Skowhegan Sentinel credits our Senior's notice of Mr Anm to 'Neal'—instead of to the 'New England Galaxy.' He must learn propriety.

The Washington Mirror, has passed into the hands of Rufus Dawes, a native of this city and a poet of some distinction, by whom it will in future be edited assisted by W. Thompson, the former proprietor. Mr Dawes promises to enlarge and improve the paper we have no doubt he will do the latter.

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The Editor of the Dunstable (N. H.) Telegraph calls Graham, the lecturer a '*lump of animated moonshine*.'

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Exchanges. We have half a dozen requests, every week to exchange—and silence avails us not—therefore be it known—we cannot increase our list. We know the Galaxy is extremely valuable, but we must refuse it to all new applicants.

The Vade Mecum is informed that we do not publish a daily.

The Complimentary Benefit to Placide at the Park, New York, yielded five thousand dollars. Placide deserves it.

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The temperature of our atmosphere is at this moment (Friday afternoon) at seventy-two in the shade—with a bright July sun. We think seriously of sowing seed for a second crop.

[COMMUNICATED]

'I'll ask my mother.' 'I've got my lesson, I've got my lesson,' sang or rather chanted a little heaven-eyed, sunny-haired boy, as he carelessly moved on to school, swinging his satchel about his wrist and spanking his feet upon the hard soil. Presently a companion, a little older than himself, who was coming the opposite way, saluted him—'Hallo! Walter, are you going to school?' 'Yes!—a'nt you?' 'No. I ha'nt got my lesson, and father says I may stay at home. I'm going up to Brighton Cattle-Show; will you go with me? Father says I may ask just who I'm a mind to.' 'I don't know as the folks'll let me; but if you'll wait I'll run home and *ask my mother!*'—and off he skipped. 'Mother, Benjamin ——, is going with his father up to Brighton Cattle-Show and he asked me to go with him—can I go?' The parent looked in unmeasured love upon her child, as she said—'No! my dear, you are too young—you had better be at school!' '*Am* I too young?' and a bright tear glittered in his eye. '*My son!*' 'Well, mother, then I'll tell Benjamin I can't go.' The fond parent kissed the boy, and he bounded down the steps—said 'no' to his play-mate and contentedly wended his way again to school. Thou cherub boy! heaven is in thy heart! contentment in thy smile! thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths are peace!

Mr Editor, I will watch the lad—the manly little Walter—he's a star of the first magnitude, in the juvenile firmament, a thing 'with less of earth in him than heaven.'

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN.

The news of the successes of the Carlist troops near Bilboa, is much exaggerated. Something of a battle was fought on the 11th between 8000 of the Queen's troops, including four battallions of English auxiliaries and the Carlist army under Generals Moretto and Castor, in which the former were defeated. One of the accounts states the loss of the Queen's troops at 450, and another says that the loss of the two parties was about equal, being from 3 to 4 hundred hors du combat.

The grand review of Russian and Prussian troops took place at Kalish on the 14th. There were in all 54,000 men.

The London Sun says that negotiations are pending for a marriage between the Duke of Orleans and the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

Mehemet Reschid Pasha the commander in Chief of the Sultan against the Kurds, has an army of 160,000 men. He recently captured 300 men, who were drowned in the Black Sea on their way to Constantinople where it is probable they awaited a more painful and ignominious death.

The London Gazette of September 23d, contains the following announcement:—'The King has been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint Henry Stephen Fox, Esq. now his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America.'

The Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury have decided that the Americans are legally authorized to trade between the United States, or any port of the United Kingdom, and Singapore, as also between the United States and any port of the British possessions in the East Indies.

DOMESTIC.

Municipal. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

Warrants were ordered to be issued for meetings of the inhabitants in their several Wards, on Monday the 9th day of November next, at 10 o'clock A. M, for the choice of Governor, Lieut Governor, six Senators, and seventy-two Representatives.

Remonstrance of George Brinley and others, Daniel Messenger and others, James Blake and others, James Jackson and others, Obadiah Wood and others, against licensing a Circus or Amphitheatre on or near Washington street, and praying that the license granted to Messrs James Raymond and Edward C. Weeks, for that purpose, on the estate formerly the Lion Tavern, may be reconsidered, and the license revoked. Referred to Aldermen Greele, Gurney, and Lewis.

Petition of Henry Codman and others, to have School street numbered. Referred.

Petition of Samuel Beals, to have the line of Cross street, at the corner of Salem street, [illegible]. Referred.

Petition of Benjamin Comey and others, for leave to dig a well in Commercial street, near Foster street. Referred.

Petition of Josiah P. Cooke and others, that a new bell may be provided for the new Court House. Refered.

Petition of members of Engine Co No 17, for a new Engine House. Referred.

Petition of the Directors of the Houses of Correction and Reformation, that a fire engine may be provided for those institutions. Referred.

Resolve passed to widen that part of Front street formerly called Dyke street. Referred.

Mr Joseph A. Levy, news collector for the Charleston Mercury, fell between two boats in that harbor on the 19th inst., while attempting to board a vessel and was drowned.

Distressing Shipwreck. *One hundred and thirty-four lives lost.* We have been favored with a file of Sidney (New South Wales) papers to the 19th of May, containing the particulars of the loss of the British convict ship *George the Third*, and a hundred and thirty-four lives. She was cast away on a reef in the mouth of the Derwent, Van Dieman's Land, not laid down on any chart.—*Journal of Com.*

Buried Alive. An Irishman named Dennis Dunn, while engaged in digging a cistern on Wednesday at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, was buried alive by the sudden caving in the earth. When extricated life was extinct. He has left a wife and three children.—*Journal of Com.*

Rochester, Oct. 23d, 1835. We have at this time one of the severest freshets in the Genesee river, that we have ever had. The flood-wood, timber, saw logs, boards, shingles, rafts, hay, oats, that are now, and have been passing, us for the last forty-eight hours, are immense, and indicate the damage done up the river to be very great. Gen Wadsworth writes that the water on the flats at Geneseo is three feet higher than he has ever known it to be for the forty-five years he has been a resident of the country, and that it is still rising.—*Journal of Com.*

New Orleans, Oct. 20—News has just arrived from Texas bringing the intelligence that Gen. Cos has landed near the mouth of the Brazos with 400 men, with the intention of joining the 700 federal troops stationed at San Antonio de Bexar, and marching upon the people of Texas. He has issued his Proclamation, 'declaring that he will collect the revenue, disarm the citizens, establish a military government, and confiscate the property of the rebellious. Messrs Johnson and Baker bore the express from San Felipe to Nacogdoches.—Stephen S. Austin has written to several citizens of Nacogdoches, that a resort to arms is inevitable. They have hoisted a flag with the 'Constitution of 1824,' inscribed on it, and two hundred freemen have gathered around it determined to stand or fall with it.

At the late term of the Supreme Court, held at Plymouth, a case was under consideration which has caused some local interest. It was an action of the Rev. Luther Sheldon, of Easton, against the congregational Society of that town, for his salary. The society contends that he has been regularly dismissed. Mr. Sheldon insists of course that the proceedings of the Society and Council have been irregular. The principal reason for his dismission was his refusal to exchange with the 'neighboring Congregational Ministers. The sufficiency of this reason will be decided by the Court.—*New Bedford Gazette.*

Juvenile Suicide. A girl named Phœbe Chadderton, eight years of age, the daughter of a weaver at Falesworth, having been charged a few days since with taking a halfpenny from a neighbor's child, denied it earnestly. Her father disbelieved her, and after threatening to beat her, so that she should never take any one's money again, he gave her a halfpenny to take to the child. She went away, gave the halfpenny to the child's parents, and did not return home. It was afterwards discovered that she had drowned herself in a pit about 200 yards from her father's dwelling. The distressed father stated that the deceased was a child of extreme sensitive feelings, and there can be little doubt that either from fear of the threatened beating, or from the pain and shame of the accusation of theft, she had been induced to commit the act of self-destruction.—*London Times.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Wm Lathrop to Lydia Warren; Ezra C. Dyer to Caroline E. Tiffany; Charles Whiting to Sarah E. Battelle; John Mason to Mary Ann McNear; John B. Silley, to Mercy A. Taylor; Aaron D. Webber to Maria Gilbert; Thomas J. Porter to Mary D. Saunders; Joseph L. Richards to Mary G. Bollard.

At Charlestown, Elihu Janes, Jr to Emily Foster.

At Cambridgeport, Simon P. Clark to Harriet H. Newhall; Peter M. Preator to Eliza Collier.

At Cambridge, Dr Edward Warren, of Boston, to Caroline R. Ware.

At Dorchester, Charles Little Senter, of Centre Harbor, N. H. to Sarah G. Calef of Walpole, Ms.

At Stoughton, Nathaniel Tolman of Boston, to Elizabeth Sumner.

At Newton, Lower Falls, Alvan B. Olyer to Martha Lyon.

At Canton, Elbridge G. Woodside, of Roxbury, to Louisa Shepard.

At Lowell, Isaac Wade, to Harriet Newell of Boston.

At Haverhill, John Brewster of Boston, to Deborah Kimball.

At Taunton, Charles Nourse of Boston, to Sarah C. Crandell.

At Grafton, Thomas James, of Boston, to Susan Hunter.

At Somersworth, N. H. Isaac C. Pray, Esq. of the firm of Waterston, Pray & Co, Boston, to Mary Rollins.

At Chester, N. H. Frederick Foster of Boston, to Mary Pike.

At Killingworth, Ct, Henry Stannard, the unrivalled pedestrian, to Polly E. Stevens.

At New York, R. Austin, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Sarah C. Blake, daughter of Joshua Blake, of this city.

At Washington, Horace N. Harrison, of the U. S. Navy, to Rebecca Somerville Lindenberger.

In the vicinity of Washington, Joseph C. Walsh, of the U. S. Navy, to Mary Pearson.

At Hanover, Va, Hon Seaton Grantland, M. C. from Georgia, to Catharine M. Dabney.

DEATHS.

In this city, Charles Sedgwick Appleton, 20; Stephen Sibley 48; Mrs Bethany Pratt; John Grew; Jonas B. Brown; Peter Smith, 26.

At Cambridgeport, Josiah D. Holden, of Barre, 33; Elizabeth Edes, 66.

At Cambridge, Luke Moore, 41; Daniel Davis Esq. formerly Solicitor General of this Commonwealth, 73.

At Dorchester, Betsy Blake, 64.

At Stow, Hon Joel Cranston, 72, formerly of Marlborough.

At Leominster, Henry Jackson, 32.

At Wessonville, John Erving, 79.

At Somersworth, N. H. Martha W. Doe, 21.

At Hartford, Ct, Moses B. Stuart, son of Professor Stuart, of Andover, 22.

On the 6th inst, Lt Charles Petigru, of the 4th Artillery, on ordnance duty, superintending the construction of the Apalachicola Arsenal.

SEVERAL
SPLENDID PAINTINGS,
WILL BE EXHIBITED FOR A FEW WEEKS,
At Harding's Gallery, School street.

THE genuine lovers of the fine arts, who are curious to see the most celebrated Easel Paintings of Raphael and Corregio, (the two great artists,) will please to seize an opportunity not before offered, of looking at very faithful fac similes of their most spirited performances, painted on original size, by several of the best German artists

Open from 9 o'clock until 2, and from 3 till dark. Admittance 25 cents. oct 17

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D. PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

MR. PADDON,
210. *WASHINGTON STREET.*
sept 12 tf

FOUND

IN Harvard Place, about the 14th ult, a bundle of Gentlemen's wearing apparel which the owner may have by applying to AMOS BAKER, at the head of the Place. oct 10 3t

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

NO. 52, for October, just published by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington street, (up stairs.) oct 10

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:
Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights in a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. Hastings Weld, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—in three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18.

J. BURRILL,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
73
CORNHILL.
july 11 6w

LITERARY PREMIUM.

THE subscriber respectfully offers to any past or present member of the Fire Department, (actors excepted) a SILVER CUP, value Fifty Dollars, for the best Poetical Address to the 'Firemen of the City of Boston;' to be delivered on or before the 15th day of December. A committee of five literary gentlemen will adjudge the Prize. The subscriber will consider the second best likewise his property; others will be returned, if desired. W. H. SMITH.

Tremont Theatre, Oct. 17, 1835. 1D15

MORSE'S PNEUMATORIUM
OR, SELF-MOVING ENGINE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he will exhibit the above Engine for a short time at *CONCERT HALL*, corner of Court and Hanover streets, commencing MONDAY, October 26th.

This Engine is moved by the contraction and expansion of condensed atmospheric air, and when once put in motion, *will continue to move, supplying itself with power, so long as the machinery remains in good order.*

The principle, for the discovery and application of which the subscriber has procured letters patent, is perfectly plain and very easily understood. There is no pretence of any mystery about it. The subscriber solicits the most thorough examination of the curious and scientific, and confidently believes that all will agree that he has made a most useful and practical invention, applicable, in many ways hitherto unknown, to many purposes of Science and the Mechanic Arts.

The Engine will be exhibited every week day, from 9 in the morning till 10 o'clock in the evening. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

oct 24 ANDREW MORSE, Jr.

BOAS! BOAS!! BOAS!!!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.

sept 19 isif GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

DAY & EVENING SCHOOLS.

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER, continue their *DAY SCHOOL*, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English Education

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid by Mr Baker to those who wish to fit for the Counting Room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL*, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES.

THE Boston Phrenological Society inform the public that a course of Lectures will be given under their direction during the ensuing season, at the Hall of the Masonic Temple. John Neal, Esq. of Portland, will deliver the Introductory Lecture, on FRIDAY EVENING, 23d October, which will be followed weekly by four Lectures, by J. B. Flint, M. D. on the Anatomy of the Human Brain, and upon the Comparative Anatomy of the Brains of Animals. The Rev. Mr. Bradbury, will then give eight or nine Lectures on the peculiar doctrines of Phrenology, including a description of the organs; and other competent Lecturers will finish the course, which will consist of about fifteen lectures delivered on every successive Friday evening.

☞ Tickets admitting a lady and gentleman may be obtained at two dollars each at the Bookstores of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Wm. D. Ticknor, Munroe & Francis, &c. oct 3

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st. may 16

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars &c

sept. 19 GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Chch.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
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Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

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Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
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Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
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Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
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Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
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Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sch'l Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Chs K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Conway; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y. T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.

DIORAMA.
WRIGHT'S NEW PICTURES.

CAPT ROSS'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE! Open Saturday, October 3d, with two additional Views.

PHYSIORAMA. KENT, EAST INDIAMAN, ON FIRE, and beautiful representation of a VILLAGE IN SWITZERLAND.

The high reputation gained by the exhibition of the 'Departure of the Israelites,' (lately destroyed by fire at New York) and Belshazzar's Feast,' will, it is hoped, be a guarantee that the Pictures now offered for public approval, will also be deemed worthy their continued patronage.

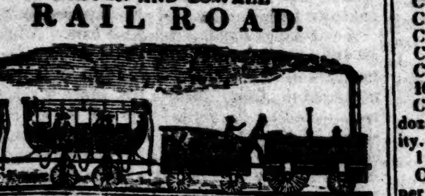
Pamphlets descriptive of the views, will be delivered gratuitously.

Open from 8 till 1, and 3 till dusk.

Admittance, 25 cents; Season Tickets, 50 cents; and as the Views will be varied, and Novelties put forth between the months of October and April next, the public attention is respectfully called to this notice.

oct 3 tf

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.



THE Cars for the present and until further notice will

Leave Boston at 8½ A. M.	Leave Lowell 8 A. M.
" " 11 A. M.	" " 2 P. M.
" " 4½ P. M.	" " 4 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

oct3 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

JOSEPH STARK;
TAILOR AND DRAPER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has opened his store at No 43 Congress street, where he offers for sale CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, of the first quality, for cash—which he will make into garments on moderate terms.

N. B. Those gentlemen who may wish to furnish their own cloth, can do so—and all Garments will be made in a workmanlike manner and warranted to fit.

WANTED—Several first-rate Coat, Vest and Pantaloon Makers, to whom constant steady employment and the highest wages will be given.

oct 10 3t

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the owest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents, of the work. MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 195 Washington Street

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora &c.

june 20

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do to Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Pout de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Musins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury.) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city; and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 6m may 2

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august8

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati præponendæ sunt.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The Life of Edmund Kean.

Francesca Carrara. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. Gould's Poems—New Edition.

The American Anti-Slavery Almanac, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
Rob't G. Shaw & Co. and
Edw. & Wm. B. Reynolds.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.
feb7 Joy's Building, Room, No. 24.

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Roman Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.

Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER.
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

CHAPMAN'S
COUGH MIXTURE,

For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. Chapman, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritations, Tightness in the Chest and other obstructions to free and easy respiration, and produces repose, unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.

T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.

This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made use of it, say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquility to the patient when laboring under this tormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

Boston, Ms. July 6th, 1835.

This may certify that for five or six years past I have been troubled severely with the *Piles* and until I made use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment*, I found nothing that would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend it in preference to any article whatever.

GEORGE HOBART, No 15, Doane street.

FISHER'S
CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER.

This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial, and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

Worcester, Ms. July 20th. 1835.

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corns*, and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.

E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, Druggist, 26 and 27, *India street, Boston.* Also, for sale by Druggists Generally.

oct 10 tf

CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric, *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition. H. HASTINGS WELD.

⁂ Subscriptions received by E. R. Broaders, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the Boston Pearl, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

RICH SILKS & MERINOS.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles*.

3 cases extra super Lama Merinos—colors, bronze grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, byron, mulberry, fawn, drab, ashes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange, black.

4 cases English Merinos, all colors *very low*.

5 " English and French Chintzes, some new and beautiful styles;

3 bales White Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine*;

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Hdkfs. a very desirable article for the season;

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths, of fashionable shades; Buckskins, ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and col'd Table Cloths; Velvets; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Hdkfs. in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices*.

sep. 26 istf

LAST MANUFACTORY.

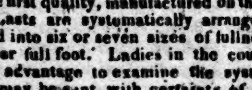
WIGHT'S Last Manufatory, in Fulton street, is now in operation again.

The old friends and patrons of CHARLES WIGHT, are respectfully requested to '*drop in*' with their orders.

The enlargements and improvements introduced since the fire, it is hoped will enable this establishment to '*go ahead*' on such a scale as to fulfil all orders with punctuality and despatch—at any rate, no efforts will be wanting to merit a continuance of that liberal patronage which has been extended to this establishment, since its commencement in May last.

The public are respectfully reminded that this establishment has no connection whatever with the manufactory on Front street, or the store in North Market street.

oct 8 8w No 30. Fulton street, Boston.



READY MADE.
CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic Feathers; South American Hair; first rate Feather Beds; Hair Mattresses; Cushions, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

APPROVED
SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

John Pierpont, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References to Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation, and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston, 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersode the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞ As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞ The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. copis3m may 30

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines, and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade; Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette; China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,

Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.

may 2

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 2mis august 22

MISCELLANY.

[From the New-York Star.]

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

'Twas morn—the wind was blowing high,
The forest trees were rocking,
The birds flew frightened from the sky—
It hailed and snowed most shocking.

'Twas then a ship from Albion came
With godly folk well freighted,
And each one had a Scripture name,
As hist'ry hath related.

Ay, there was many a holy man
From land of Tam O'Shanter,
Both fighting Whig and Puritan,
And crop-eared Covenanter.

They sang Old Hundred on the sea,
The fishes heard the racket,
And wondered what the noise could be
And who was in the packet.

They sang Old Hundred on the wave,
Their nasal tones resounded—
Because the Lord their bark did save,
And none of them got drownded.

They landed close to Bunker H'll,
No monument was there then,
Nor navy yard, nor shop, nor mill,
For all the ground was bare then.

They landed all their goods and trunks,
Their corn, their beef and 'taters,
And pork all salted down in junks,
To prop their carnal naters.

They landed shingles, boards and nails,
And leather for shoemakers,
And pots and pans, and tubs and pails,
And ropes for hanging Quakers.

They landed powder, ball and gun,
This was the sine qua non—
With which they made the heathen run,
As Joshua did in Canaan.

They felled of trees a countless host,
With saws they did divide them;
They reared a church and whipping-post,
And gallows close beside them.

I sing not of their works of zeal,
The subject's rather tender—
But I refer you to *John Neal*,
Their eloquent defender.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

NO. XV.

THINGS IN SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, JUNE 26, 1835.

Our ride from Melrose to Edinburgh was pleasant and unpleasant both. On the outside of the coach we had for one of our companions a fellow so drunk, that we were obliged to lash him up and on with the straps that lash the baggage. He had with him, as is customary with very many Englishmen of all grades in society, a flask of whiskey, which is used in travelling in a coach, or in a long walk, or in a crowd 'so as to keep up the spirits.' I have seen women on the top of a coach take such flasks from their bags, and hand it round,—and nothing is more common than for the men to ask you thus to drink with them. I mention these little specimens of 'men and manners' just to show that John Bull is not always a pattern for Americans. Indeed drinking now is carried on here in all circles just as it was in the U. States ten years ago, before the Temperance Societies commenced their reform. Almost every Englishman now must have his glass of brandy after dinner 'to help digestion,' he says—but by what process of logic he arrives at the conclusion that brandy *after* dinner helps *digestion*, is more than I can divine.

The pleasant part of our ride arose from the interesting country through which we passed, so much of it having been immortalized in history, and made captivating by romance and superstitious legend. We travelled for a long way through the vale of Gala, following the course of the Ga'a water, and crooking here and there over a McAdamized road, in a route more tortuous than even the river itself which is at least one third longer than a straight line. The Scotch Plaid thrown over the shoulders of men to protect them from the rain, or the cold, was now a common article of dress. The genuine Scotch dialect struck our ears on all sides. The *gilpie lassies* and the *birky bairns* all spoke Scotch—and I marked this fact chiefly to say, that this is only the fourth and fifth language we have fal'en upon in this excellent-speaking-English island, since we left the cockneies of London, *'itch* (hitch) their *'orses* (horses) and pity these poor people who live in *'uts*, (huts) and speak Scotch. We passed the town of Galashiels remarkable for woolen manufactures—a little barony over which 'the lairds of Gala' long had control. Here and about here were some pretty places. The lower part of the vale of Gala, where it adjoins the Tweed is beautiful enough, but the upper part is what they call *moorish*, and what I call Moorish too. As we approached Edinburgh, however, the country was richer and better cultivated. Many of the gentlemen's seats were charming places. I never shall forget the valley of the Tyne, one of the most fertile districts in Scotland. I never felt a stronger inclination to tarry and visit some dozen places than I felt upon this road,—but a life of travel in Great Britain is a life of constant sacrifice that one is ever feeling, for almost every spot is so full of interest, historical or otherwise, that if one stops to see them all, and does not make the sacrifice, a life will hardly give him time enough. See then what I gave up, I cannot express with what reluctance.—Borthwick Castle from whence Queen Mary fled disguised in man's apparel in 1567, after her unfortunate marriage with Bothwell.—Hawthornden, once the seat of Drummond the poet, which and whom to see, Ben Johnson travelled all the way on foot from London,—with the orifices or caverns in the precipice near by, that the Britons made for retreat, and where Bruce was sheltered too;—and then I lost Roslin Castle so often sung in Scottish song, and sweet Roslin Chapel too on the romantic Esk, of which the view I had, made me lament the loss the more. But in this land about Mid Lothian, so much the scene of story and of song, I never should reach the capital, unless I shut my eyes, and steeled my heart to every straying impulse.

Anon we were within full view of the Salisbury Crags that overlook the city, and of Arthur's seat, that towers higher still—and soon we were in the streets of Edinburgh, or *Edinburough*, as all pronounce it here.—This singularly-positioned city, so unlike any other I ever saw, makes a strange impression upon the traveler, as he rides along, and crosses a bridge or bridges in the centre of the town, with streets yet far under his feet, and men and markets and gardens, there! What piles of stone, so high, so massive too in this Old Town, so black, as if they were but hewn sides of the neighboring crags! But what palaces those in the distance, over this deep ravine thus bridged up, as if the Sculptor of the cliffs had just ceased his work, and all was fresh as when the chisel left it. Every thing is rock, rock, rock, (there is not a wooden dwelling to be seen) every thing, from Calton Hill crowned with monuments to the lofty castle on the other side, with its terrible battlements and frowning walls! I felt at the first sight, all the force of Burns's exclamation—

'Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy Palaces and Towers.'

After a look at my valise, which I had not seen for many days, and which I therefore hailed as an old friend, and a change of dress for the better, I began to ramble about this interesting city. Well has it been called 'a city of Palaces,' and well does it deserve the name.—The new town which holds the modern houses, and which is now the fashionable part, is beautifully, aye splendidly built and all of stone—displaying no such regular blocks of buildings as are seen all over the United States, but a regular irregularity—an ever-varying front that charms and never fatigues the eye. *This* House is in front—*that* retreats, as in Regents Park (London.) *Here* is a quadrangle—*there* a circle almost. The architects here were men of taste, and if they were not by nature, the city compelled them to by law, forbidding the erections of any buildings till the models were submitted and approved.* How much in all these things our country have to learn with a little trouble. If but the eyes of our architects could run over such views as these, how soon would they learn that even order may be tedious,—and if our builders, our wealthy men could see how beautiful a grassy walk may be, or a private square or an ellipse for many dwellings clustered together, how soon would they learn to have that taste for flowers and trees that do so much honor to the heart and taste of people here. In all these things we are in our infancy as yet—But in every city, societies should be formed, and models be obtained for the cultivation of taste, for building up cities as we are every day, it costs nothing more to build them up in grace and beauty than in the tedious order that disfigures so many of our towns.*

* I hear that Mt Joy is about to be built upon. With a little trouble and a little expense, the builders may make this a most beautiful place, if they will but confine themselves to classic models of some European buildings; and will at the same time look out for a prospect as well as a foundation. Trees are wanted, but they can be transplanted, or made to grow in time.

I left the New Town and re-crossing the Bridge went to the Old Town, over the deep valley that divides the two. Here are buildings eleven stories high, many of six, seven and eight stories, the many erections of the old nobility and gentry who have now deserted them and left them for the multitude and the poor, so that it is said, that in no city in the world, are the poor so well as they are here. I looked into the *wynds*, as they are called, steep and narrow passages leading to the vale I have spoken of before—and the *closes* too, like routes for foot passengers only—and indeed in many of them, the air was bad, and the poverty miserable enough. I saw the window which John Knox used for his Pulpit; and the same house from which he preached to the multitude in the street above here is standing yet—with God imprinted upon it, in English, Greek and Latin. All is bustle here now,—and there is much of poverty too, for Scotland is poor, very poor, and in Edinburgh the poor can scarce find employ. One marks the difference in this respect as soon as he leaves England, for there are beggars here,—none there—rags here, but few there,—suffering here, but little there—the superiority of the soil the greater activity of trade, and above all the Poor Laws save the traveller from such spectacles in England. And here let me pay a tribute to the gentry and nobility of England—for it is seldom I have one to pay of such a character; I do not believe there is in the world a people more humane to the poor, who make greater efforts to benefit them, enlisting in more charities, or feeling more their privations and afflictions. There is not the ability to do so much in Scotland, for equality is more diffused, and there is not so great a concentration of property.

To describe all the objects of interest in Edingburgh, would fill up many sheets; and I am quite sure no one would thank me for lumbering my paper with so many facts. Its monuments attract attention, as well be their pomp as by the indication they give of the taste of the people. I know not how many there are,—but I have seen on Calton Hill one to Lord Nelson, a hundred feet in height,—another circular monument (a little to the west) Grecian style, to the memory of Dugald Stewart, —and yet another to the memory of Professor Playfair. On the same hill, a national monument to commemorate the exploits of the British army at the battle of Waterloo is partially built, but is somewhat in the condition of that on Bunker Hill—with funds to get thus far, but no farther. This monument, however, is to be a different affair from that, the aim being to restore the Parthenon in this Athens, as Edinburgh is often called. Burns has a monument too, on a little knoll not far from this, in the form of a Grecian temple, in the interior of which is a marble statue by Flaxman. Lord Viscount Melville has a monument in another part of the town 136 feet high, with a statue on the top of the pillar 14 feet high. There is also a bronze statue of George IV., one for William Pitt, and another for the Earl of Hopetown.—It is not a matter of surprise therefore, that an Englishman should think it funny that Baltimore is called the Monumental City, with but two monuments in it!

I can say little or nothing here, but that they are all worth seeing—of the many public buildings in Edinburgh. The College is said to be the largest building in Scotland. It is built in the form of a quadrangle, and laid out in lecture rooms, apartments for some of the Professors, a Library and Museum, the numerous students being lodged in the private houses of the town.—The stranger feels the greater interest in visiting this, on account of the many distinguished men who have officiated as teachers here. It would be tedious also, if I were to go on, and to give you details of the palace and chapel of the far-famed Holyrood House,—for there is nothing very remarkable about it now, time having effected so many revolutions, that there is but little of the original left. The palace as it now stands, is a handsome quadrangular edifice with a front flanked by double towers; and but little of the Abbey is left, except the mere ruin of the chapel. The apartment in which the ill-fated Queen Mary resided, and where her minion Rizzio fell a sacrifice to the revenge of her brutal husband, are shown, as usual, for a FEE.

I have omitted to mention here the gallery that is also shown, filled with the portraits of—I know not how many Scottish kings. Then there are Hospitals and Charitable Institutions of many kinds, the which are the noble monuments of living, active Charity, that throw more glory too over the character of a people wherever they are found, than all the rocks they pile together for battle or for song. I love to see them—for they distinguish the people that thus have hearts to feel for their fellow men—and they make the traveller fancy, that if ill befalls him, he would find friends and a home here, as well as in his own land, and they teach him too by showing, that sympathy is universal, to forget his prejudices, and keep down the passions, that make men enemies, because a river, or an ocean parts them. Oh, how many bright spots there are in human character, with all its strange compound of passion, pride and self! A list before me of the many charities of Edinburgh has awakened these reflections, witnessing as I have before, the numerous class which they relieve, and thus leading myself to exult in the fact, that splendor here in palaces, and in pride, yet does not forget the miserable in corners and in rags. How horrid, the costly column to Nelson would look, and the Parthenon for Waterloo, if there were not an Asylum, or a House of Refuge within the town! B.

XVI.

EDINBURGH, June 26, 1835.

I spent a portion of this day in visiting the Courts of Law now held in an old Scottish Parliament House. On entering the Hall, the great hall where the Parliament once sat, and glancing my eyes over its oak wainscoting, that gives it a most venerable look, and at another colossal statue of Lord Melville (by Chantry) I was astonished to find that amid all promenading and loud talking of two or three hundred men, two Judges were sitting in the same room at different benches in little recesses, on an oaken box, not having an area of twenty feet—there transacting business as if nothing were happening, and there hearing the speeches of advocates who plead alone to the ear of the Judge, regardless of the confusion all around! I saw one Judge whom an advocate addressed as 'my *Lud*' (for Lord, you see what ever correct speakers all these people are) wonderfully done up in singular paraphernalia—a huge wig on his head—gowns and robes about him—kid gloves on his hands—and then a painter or a draftsman at his side, sketching his face as he sat upon the Bench, his *Ludship* and all others unmindful of this novel act!—This led me to look the more narrowly at the Judge and at the scene,—and I remarked that the Judge was a man with a bright dark eye, having the very mouth about which a physiognomist would have, with all his features and appearance though perfectly at rest indicating something out of the ordinary way,—and upon inquiry I found this man to be no other than the Lord High Advocate of Scotland, the Mr Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review. Now what a ridiculous figure such a sensible man was making in such habiliments! How long will such men as Jeffrey keep their heads in wigs, and hold courts in such gowns? Here these old exploded fashions, and not only here but all over the kingdom are kept up, the why and wherefore it must puzzle any one to tell, since the mass of the people even of the old world have learnt to respect a man, not the mere for sweltering in a wig—and yet these ridiculous customs thus long handed down from father to son, are perhaps, to be handed to the Future some hundred years to come. Now in all these things, England has many lessons to learn from us. An American Judge is not the less respected because he does not wear a wig. The Speaker of our House of Representatives looks far more like a human being without, than does the Speaker of the House of Commons, with his wig and gown. All these things do well enough perhaps in feudal days, when the people were *villians* and serfs,—but now they have their eyes open here, and a political idea or two (only the germ, however, of what is growing so luxuriantly on our side of the water)—how absurd it is to un-man a man, the moment he has an office, and to do the utmost to make him a beast, save the putting on the tail! Oh Mr. Jeffrey you know better than this, and pray set about reforming your brethren as soon as you can. And here I cannot but remark again, that never did a people more need some American lessons than do the English from us. Think for example of every member of the House of Commons being obliged to put on a Court dress at the Speaker's levee! Why, if Lord Brougham would only hire a Yankee 'schoolmaster' at ten dollars a month and send *him* 'abroad,' the English would be a half century ahead by the end of the year. But—how can it be expected that such unfortunate people can know better, coming as they have from such barbarian Norman and Saxon fathers! We certainly must send some political missionaries among them—and now, even often out of the mere kindness of heart for the land of my ancestors I spend much of my leisure time in their walks and parks, preaching 'treason' to the people whom I meet there, and asking them, 'what is the use of such like things?'

After looking at the Halls of the Court, and the young gentlemen and the old gentlemen, all in wigs, and at the Advocates Library, an immense collection of books—my next move was to see the castle which stands on a high basaltic rock, accessible for carriages only on the east side, which entrance is defended by an outer barrier of palisades, and within this, there is a ditch, with drawbridge and gate, defended by two batteries that flank it. The erection of this castle here on this rock 300 feet high, undoubtedly led in ancient times to the building of the city upon those range of glaciers, as we may call them, for then people here once resorted to castles for protection just as the first settlers of our country, resorted to block houses for safety from the Indian. I entered a private gate by means of a friend's intervention, and walking leisurely here and there in the deep ravine of which I have spoken in a former letter, now adorned with trees, and walks and flowers, (the land that was once a marsh)—I soon found myself at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands. Circular walks belonging to this now beautiful pleasure ground, have been made so that the cliff can be easily ascended on foot, on this side too. Soon after many windings,—I was at the entrance of the castle, yet ascending higher from fortification to fortification, and anon I was in the topmost building, of stone of course viewing what I went to see, the Scottish Regalia now kept in the Crown Room, surrounded by an Iron railing, and illuminated by four lamps, now kept thus on purpose for a show,—with a show-man to tell its tale, who rattles off in an unknown tongue made up of all scraps used at Babel.

A few minutes look satisfied me here. All the interest attaching to this sceptre with the sword of state, and the mace of silver with it,—arises from its history. One is pleased to see the Diadem that Bruce is said to have worn,—and yet more pleasant to see the old chest also shown in which the Regalia kept for 100 years, concealed from the eyes of the Scots by English fear, that the sight of it might awaken associations that would endanger the peace of Scotland. Indeed, so late as 1817, it was kept in this great chest,—and then, when all alarm ceased to exist, the chest was opened with great form—and since that time the Scots have been permitted to see the symbols of their independence. Intending to make but a short tarry in Edinburgh and to occupy myself only with sight-seeing, I delivered no letters, and of course, saw little or nothing of that society the cultivation and refinement of which we hear so much of. I can very well fancy that there must be much intellect and much learning, did I know nothing of Wilson, Chalmers and Combe, (who by the way, all happened to be out of town)—for Edinburgh not only has a University, but about eight thousand persons it is said, somehow or other connected with the administration of the law. Many English families too, resort here to educate their children, for one fourth of the sum that it costs to make 'a gentleman' in London, will make one here!—The number of literary men here is large for the population, and you well know that three of the principal British Reviews are published here—Blackwood's, the Edinburgh and Tait's Magazine. All these considerations would make it a delightful place to live in were it not for the climate, which is as fickle as the wind. While I have been here, it has been bitterly cold—and the fogs from the ocean as thick as in New Brunswick. I have seen here too in the streets more beautiful women than I have seen in all England,—for a beautiful woman in England, in London more especially, is a RARA AVIS—a Bird of Paradise that can't live, or won't live in the English clime. My fair country-women need fear no rivals on this side of the water—and now I do not wonder at the raptures with which Englishmen speak of them, unused as they are to many such extraordinary occurrences in their own homes. B.

MAN'S GREATEST AND
—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED.

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Back Jaundice. Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Irysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.
JOHN W. TAYLOR.
Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach.
S. YOUNG.
Oct. 8. 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.
JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.
ANN POWEL.
Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 1y

DR. J. K. PALMER'S
Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strength, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston.
june 6

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election.
july 18

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by
JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

☞NEW ARRANGEMENT.☜

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND
BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.
BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.

NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the season, of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M. for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday mornings at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No 56 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

MATTRESSES, FEATHER
BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.
june 27

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.
No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞A large discount made for cash. april 4

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

CHEMICAL
EMBROCATION,
Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.
Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 12

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,					
100 do	do	do	Plain	do	do
200 do	Medium quality	do	do	do	
150 do	do	Stitched	do	do	
300 do	Common do	Plain	do	do	

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

Samples can be examined as above.
☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bolien; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The live senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

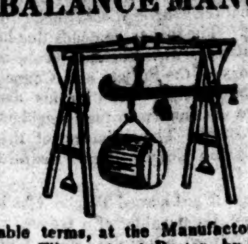
N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

FANCY PRINTING,
CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE
GALAXY OFFICE.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



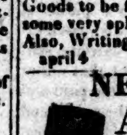
PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 1y may 2

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c. april 4

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality. Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisterand Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Annstreets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 1y

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 33 Washington st. august 29

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand.
JOSEPH L. ROSS,
august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

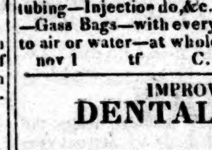
B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

WATER PROOF PREMIUM
GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks,—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

IMPROVEMENT ON
DENTAL SURGERY.



DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,
HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strength, and energy to the system. Travelers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

BOSTON
INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.
july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,
july 25 414 Washington street.

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal. These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 431 Washington street; Brewer & ... Rowland, 188 Washington street; ... 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st.; ... Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st.; L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; ...man, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; ... French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hanover st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; ... Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; ... P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. ... corner of Federal and Williams st.

BURNS AND SCALDS
A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles. Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy tone to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, ... street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally. Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. ..., Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. ...worth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 1

Compound Syrup
ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained by observing their effect on brute animals—so is this invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by its effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by
E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 9

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,
INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted. The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians. Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 6

NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c. in 2 volumes.

The Token and *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.

The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with engravings.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, in 2 volumes.

Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and Facetiæ of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street.

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS)

CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very ...;
do 30 and 33 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, ... style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone ...
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, ...
hand. 3m